

TWENTY-FIVE C

BRITAIN'S





This is Parson Brown, practically the granddaddy of all great oranges.



This is Hamlin. A small wonder. They don't come any sweeter.



This is Seedling. The bubbly type, with a bright, sweet spirit.



This is Pineapple. Funny name. Funny color. Fabulous taste.



This is Valencia—most voluptuous of oranges (and most delicious).

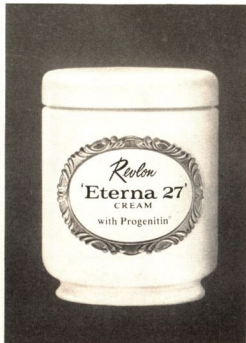


This is new Snow Crop: a delicious blend. It's going to change all your old ideas about frozen orange juice. Into it go selected sweet, rich-flavored oranges. You get all their full, rounded taste. You even get their tender little orange squeezings. Naturally, new Snow Crop costs more. But then, you can't squeeze pennies and expect to get a juice like new Snow Crop.

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What is 'Eterna 27' likely to do for you? Bring an excitingly *visible* change to your skin. A change so very soul-renewing it *could* affect your whole outlook on life! **Read the documented proof:** 'Eterna 27' really works. In tests on hundreds of women in Switzerland and America, skin specialists proved that: in more than 6 out of every 10 cases tested, there was a *dramatic, visible change* in the skin. And usually, the skin *most* in need of help showed *the most remarkable difference*.

There is no other cream like 'Eterna 27'. Its unique basic ingredient is patented for use by Revlon and Revlon *alone*. 'Eterna 27' acts as lubricator, moisturizer, eye and throat cream. (And there are *no* hormones in it!) Revlon honestly believes that 'Eterna 27' can do *more* for you than any other cream at *any* price. Can you afford *not* to try it?

2 ozs., until now, 8.00.....	Now 6.00
4 ozs., until now, 13.50.....	Now 10.00
8 ozs., until now, 23.50.....	Now 17.50

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'ETERNA 27' by REVLON

From the world's most renowned cosmetic research laboratories

Lord & Taylor and American Fashion

1826 Two young entrepreneurs, Messrs. Lord & Taylor, opened a small dry goods firm in the old Greenwich Village section of New York. A modest beginning—but it grew, and grew, and grew.

1842 By now, Lord & Taylor was supplying New York's carriage trade with the luxuries of life, and its fame spread north, south and west. (This year, as it happened, the store sold goods for a wedding dress to a pretty girl named Mary Todd. She wore it for her marriage to Abraham Lincoln, on the fourth of November).

1902 "Department store invades Fifth Avenue." Headlines of the day, provoking interest, possibly a faint dismay, and a headlong rush to the corner of Twentieth Street, to see what the big, convenient new Lord & Taylor had to offer. First on Fifth Avenue—as might have been expected.

1914 Fashion on the march, up Fifth Avenue. New York's first families moved ever further to the north, and Lord & Taylor followed its own. The tremendous new store that rose then at the corner of 39th Street is a landmark still, as the tides of fashion sweep north and south.

1932 Lord & Taylor promoted a cluster of talented young American designers—spoke their names loud and clear, and launched the concept of **American** design, at a time when the whole fashion world was under the sway of Paris. It was a new idea, and a great one. In this same decade, other Lord & Taylor firsts: a College Shop, a shop for juniors, a shop for teens, and a special one for women 5'4" and under.

1945 "The American Look"—the phrase of the times. Coined and copyrighted by Lord & Taylor, it summed up the young, brisk, **easy** way of dressing that was, and is, a fashion trademark recognized around the world.

1963 Whither American fashion? Forward with Lord & Taylor—with famous "old" names to point the way, bright and shiny new ones coming up fast—pioneers all, in the Lord & Taylor tradition!





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BRANIFF *International* **AIRWAYS**

GENERAL OFFICES: DALLAS, TEXAS

TIME
January 25, 1963

TIME is published weekly by Time Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. U.S. subscription \$8.00 a year. This issue is published in National and Separate editions. Additional pages of Separate editions are numbered or allowed for as indicated on page 8.

Volume LXXXI
Number 5

1

**DO YOU HAVE THIS MAN'S
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The Meaning of Communism is a completely new word-and-picture history book, created to meet the intelligent layman's need for an objective report on the Communist challenge to the free world. William J. Miller, who wrote the historical narrative, is a LIFE staff writer, former associate editor of TIME and one-time chief editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Consulting editors were Professor Henry L. Roberts, Director of the Russian Institute at Columbia University and Professor Marshall D. Shulman, Research Associate of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University.

The result of this unique editorial collaboration is a book that is compelling-to-read, comprehensive, and authoritative. Step by step it shows you how Communism has evolved... from Karl Marx to Nikita Khrushchev. In 45,000 words and scores of photographs, full-color paintings, maps, and diagrams you learn about the *idea* of the Soviet system... see how the *organization* of the idea led to the Communist party. You watch the party harden into a dictatorship whose *goal* is world supremacy. You realize how this goal affects the man in the street in Russia—how we in the Free World can meet the Communist challenge.

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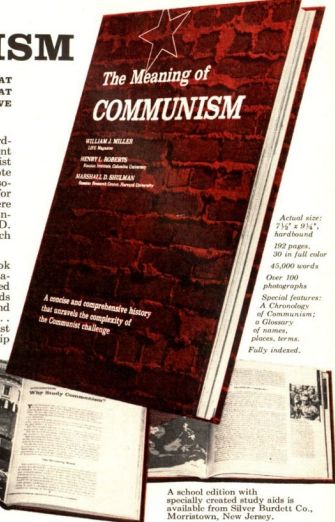
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Who's Got the Action? Yes, it's a Lana Turner picture, but wait—it's worth seeing. Lana plays a bookie bride, Dean Martin plays her horseplaying husband in a fairly funny formula farce directed by Daniel Mann.

The Lovers of Teruel. One of those ballet movies, but this time it's for surreal, and Ludmilla Tcherina, though she wobbles on her toes, gives the picture body.

Eclipse. The trouble with modern man, says Michelangelo Antonioni in most of his movies (*L'Avventura*, *La Notte*), is that he has gained the whole world and lost his own soul; the trouble with this picture, though it is certainly an effort of supreme style, is that Antonioni in his obsessive pessimism ignores an important fact of human life: a deep shadow can be cast only by a strong light.

David and Lisa. In his first movie, made for less than \$200,000, Director Frank Perry tells a heart-rending, heart-warming tale of two psychotic adolescents (Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin) who find love at the bottom of the snake pit.

Lawrence of Arabia. Produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by David Lean, this \$10 million spectacle stars a glamorous newcomer named Peter O'Toole as the guerrilla genius of World War I; but the big attraction of the picture is the glittering golden desert of North Arabia.

Freud. Director John Huston has turned out an intense, intelligent cinemograph on the early struggles of the papa of psychiatry, portrayed without much psychological insight by Montgomery Clift.

Electra. Director Cacoyannis has derived a beautiful and sometimes moving film from the play by Euripides.

Jumbo. Jimmy Durante and Martha Raye measure comic talents in this ponderous pachyderm of a picture—a \$5,000,000 screen version of the 1935 Broadway musical. Jimmy wins by a nose.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 23

Hollywood: The Fabulous Era (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). David Wolper's history of Hollywood, Part II. The age of sound.

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Former President Eisenhower talks about U.S. progress during the past two years.

Thursday, January 24

The World of Benny Goodman (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A TV biography, with ancillary half-notes on B.G. by Aaron Copland, Peggy Lee, Gene Krupa, et al.

Friday, January 25

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). This one has bits of everything, from Zsa Zsa to *My Fair Lady* in German.

Saturday, January 26

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). Children's program including a discussion of the concept of infinity, a version

* All times E.S.T.

of the Lincoln-Douglas debates illustrated with postage stamps, etc.

The Jackie Gleason Show (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). *Deadline U.S.A.*, with Bogey.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Tonight's case involves a séance on Fire Island.

Sunday, January 27

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). A mime, Salvatore Guida, plays several parts in telling the story of St. Francis of Assisi.

Camera Three (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Composer David Amram compares his new work, *Dirge with Variations*, with a movement from Brahms.

NBC Opera Company (NBC, 2-3:40 p.m.). Giorgio Tozzi, Phyllis Curtin, Frank Porretta and Richard Torrigi in Italo Montemezzi's *The Love of Three Kings*. Repeat.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The business boom in Milan.

Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). *On the Beach*, with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire, Anthony Perkins.

Monday, January 28

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Brinkley has been granted an extra half-hour in order to tour Malta and four pocket nations: Andorra, San Marino, Liechtenstein and Monaco.

THEATER

On Broadway

Marcel Marceau is an exciting architect of empty space, an eloquent poet of silence. This matchless mime shares with the early Charlie Chaplin the knowledge that no matter how funny the pratfall, the heart is where the hurt is.

Little Me has the spit-and-polish shine of painstaking professionalism. The most prodigious comic labors of the evening are performed by Sid Caesar as the septem-petite suitor of Belle Poitrine, the All-America showgirl.

Beyond the Fringe chips away at petrified people, calcified clichés, and sacrosanct cows with remarkable satiric finesse. Four young and infectiously funny Englishmen perform the iconoclastic surgery.

Tchin-Tchin owes more to Actors Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton than its script can quite repay. Trying to pick up the pieces of mutually shattered marriages, this sad-amusing, absurdly incongruous pair find that the fragments are not worth keeping.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee, detonates a shattering three-act marital explosion that, for savage wit and skill, is unparalleled in the recent annals of the U.S. stage.

Off Broadway

Desire Under the Elms, by Eugene O'Neill, offers playgoers a valuable, if somewhat blurry, look at the handiwork of the U.S. master playwright. George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst do their im-

pressive best by O'Neill, who is mostly at his second best.

The Dumbwaiter and **The Collection**, by Harold Pinter, are two one-acters that confirm the startling gifts of Britain's Pinter as a playwrighting terrorist who can conjure up menace with the easy authority of a Hitchcock, and pose Pirandellian conundrums about the nature of truth and reality.

A Man's a Man, by Bertolt Brecht. First produced in 1926, and excitingly performed in this Eric Bentley production, *Man* uncannily foreshadows the process of brainwashing, the loss of identity, and the kind of society where every man wears a mask to hide the face he hasn't got.

BOOKS

Best Reading

March to Calumny, by Albert Bideman. In this detailed study of how captured G.I.s in Korea behaved, Historian Bideman corrects a widespread notion that they were cowardly and easily brainwashed.

Diary of an Early American Boy, by Eric Sloane. An account of the day-to-day life of a 15-year-old (circa 1800) who spent his time brewing butternut ink and learning how to build a house without nails, with the author demonstrating just how everything was done.

The Fine Art of Literary Mayhem, by Myrick Land. Carlyle was not feuding with Emerson when he called him "a hoary-headed and toothless baboon," but most of the other literary figures in this book are—and their pejorative language is choice.

A Girl in Winter, by Philip Larkin. Layers of loneliness are peeled off lonely people with dexterity in this novel by one of England's finest poets.

The Sand Pebbles, by Richard McKenna. Writing his first novel at 49, an ex-Navy enlisted man tells how a ship's crew degenerates behind a façade of spit and polish, then finds itself again.

Franz Kafka, Parable and Paradox, by Heinz Politzer. A brilliant guide to the nightmarish parables of a writer who saw individual man as a helpless insect lost in the mass world he has helped create.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Fail-Safe*, Bernard and Wheeler (2, last week)
2. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (1)
3. *A Shade of Difference*, Drury (3)
4. *The Cape Cod Lighter*, O'Hara (6)
5. *Genius*, Dennis (4)
6. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna
7. *Dearly Beloved*, Lindbergh (10)
8. *Where Love Has Gone*, Robbins (5)
9. *\$100 Misunderstanding*, Gower (7)
10. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (1)
2. *Silent Spring*, Carson (2)
3. *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy*, Schulz (5)
4. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (3)
5. *The Points of My Compass*, White (6)
6. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (9)
7. *Letters from the Earth*, Twain (8)
8. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (4)
9. *Renoir, My Father*, Renoir
10. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (7)

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This is the kind of break your beard could use these days—an Arden for Men shave. Leaves your skin looking great, feeling great. What is the set-up? The light, rich lather of Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream to smooth and soften the way for your blade; the cool, tangy refreshment of Arden for Men After Shave Lotion to brace you for the hours ahead; the finishing whisk of Arden for Men Talc. What does it follow-up? An exhilarating shower with Arden for Men Soap, a brisk rubdown with Arden for Men Eau de Cologne. There you have it: Arden for Men who want to give their skin a real break.

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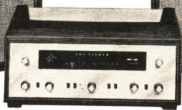


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Julian D. Hirsch, the noted high fidelity equipment reviewer, calls the Fisher XP-4A "one of the best, most truly musical reproducers available today." Indeed, the 2½-cubic-foot XP-4A rivals in sound quality the mammoth theater-size loudspeaker systems of only a few years ago.

Together, the Fisher 500-B and a pair of Fisher XP-4A's constitute a minimum-space high-fidelity stereo component system that even an electronic engineer would be proud to own—

and even a wife would approve. Prices: Fisher 500-B, \$359.50. Fisher 800-B (virtually identical but with AM-FM), \$429.50. Walnut or mahogany cabinet for either model, \$24.95. Fisher XP-4A, in walnut or mahogany, \$199.50.

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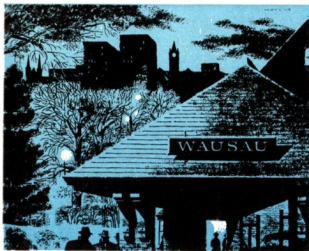
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scribed it in giving Wausau its name.

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LETTERS

Architect's Art

Sir:

We applaud your magazine for the great tribute you have paid to Minoru Yamasaki [Jan. 18] by adding him to your previous selections of Distinguished Architects Frank Lloyd Wright, Edward Stone and Le Corbusier. And thank you for placing it under Art, where architecture belongs, as it is and always has been a fine art. Mies van der Rohe and Bunshaft come under engineering and IBM machines. And I. M. Pei belongs under water.

HELMUT AJANGO
Designer

Ajango & Butts
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Sir:

I would like to add something that Yama once said about his profession: "An architect, to implement our way of life, must recognize those human characteristics we cherish most: Love, Gentility, Joy, Serenity, Beauty and Hope."

EARL L. PRICE
Managing Editor

Architectural Beacon
New York City

Sir:

It is good to see you give up your long-term "Hate Detroit" binge! We, too, are proud of Yamasaki, of the Wayne State University campus, of the new gas building, and of the booming auto business. Your excellent color shots of Yamasaki's new buildings in Detroit are much appreciated.

JAMES C. TRIMBLE

Boulevard Congregational Church of Detroit
Detroit

The Contributors

Sir:

What scares me about that \$53 million ransom for the Bay of Pigs prisoners [Jan. 11] is not that Castro blackmailed the U.S. Government, but that the U.S. Government blackmailed U.S. corporations into "donating" the \$53 million.

GILBERT CHAMBERS

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir:

In your issue of Jan. 4, you state in your lead story on the ransomed Cuban patriots that "they were particularly instructed to stay silent about the last-minute U.S. refusal to provide expected air cover," etc.

Where did that idea and order originate, and why was the dirtiest doublecross in the

whole history of civilization so censored? It seems to me that the answer to these questions is an urgently important part of the reporting of the event, otherwise so capably handled.

STERLING BEESON

Toledo

►The order originated with Kennedy Administration staffers managing the ransom operation, and was delivered to the released prisoners, after they had boarded aircraft bound for the U.S., by men who had been freed from Cuban prisons earlier.—Ed.

Twisted

Sir:

To your reviewer's "nothing painful, nothing real" about *Oliver!* [Jan. 11], I would add—thank goodness! When I attend a musical, I want light entertainment, not painful soul searching. After seeing *Oliver!*, I left the theater pleasantly entertained and in a far better, happier mood than before the performance. *Oliver!*, in my opinion, was twisted just right.

EDWARD A. ROSENBLUM

Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Tax Talk

Sir:

It is a sad thing that every American taxpayer will not read your cover article on Congressional Mills and taxation [Jan. 11]. It might serve as the stick that got the ball rolling for tax cuts and complete reform. For once the public becomes aware of the great inequities of our present tax structure, and encouraged by the work of men like Wilbur Mills, it might do enough patient pushing to achieve a just distribution of contribution for everyone.

LARRY D. SHUBNELL

Muncie, Ind.

Sir:

Let's not be naive. We all know that the taxpayers must pay the obligations that the Government incurs, and that taxes cannot be cut without cutting spending. Kennedy and his colleagues are kidding the public. They are talking about "tax-cutting" while meaning "tax postponing." Any amount that is cut from the nation's tax bill in the years immediately ahead will be added to the tax bills in some future years. To the deferred amount will then be added interest for the intervening years. These are facts that cannot be escaped. Kennedy wants to take credit for "cutting taxes" and will let some other President worry about paying the bill.

D. L. DARNELL

Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Sir:

You described President Kennedy's defense of his tax program as "sophisticated rhetoric." I call it a snow job.

BRIAN CASS

Golf, Ill.

Virus Attack

Sir:

Allow me to point out an error in the virology story in the Jan. 18 issue of TIME that I hope will be corrected. I refer to the statement that National Cancer Institute scientists have reported photographic evidence that a virus they have found in the blood of leukemic animals attacks cells in the manner of a bacteriophage.

What the scientific report states is that the characteristic form of the mature particle observed is reminiscent of the structure of certain bacteriophages. It reported no findings on the method of attack on cells that could be compared to bacteriophages, however. A study is in progress to determine whether the leukemia virus acts like the virus that attacks bacteria by attaching its tail to the single-cell organism and injecting it with the disease-causing nucleic acid. An understanding of how the leukemia virus does its work in animals would help investigators devise ways of proving the theory that viruses cause human leukemia.

The scientists have found only a superficial, though important, resemblance between the virus under study and certain bacterial viruses.

JAMES F. KIELEY

Information Officer

National Cancer Institute
Bethesda, Md.

The Other Side of the Brain

Sir:

The extent to which man can learn to use the other half of his brain [Jan. 11] has been impressively demonstrated in the case of one of the best pistol shots of all times, Major Karoly Takacs of Hungary, who was born right-handed. At the Olympic Games in 1936, Takacs placed among the first ten in his event. Shortly afterward, he lost his right hand in an accident, but continued shooting with the left hand, which he had never previously thus used. He won gold medals in his specialty in 1948 in London and in 1952 in Helsinki.

A well-established physiological dominance of the left hemisphere of the brain had been transferred through training to the contralateral side, rendering possible the execution of an exceptionally differentiated performance of great complexity that involved maximal demands upon mental acuity as well as visual and muscular skill.

ERNST JOKL, M.D.

University of Kentucky
Lexington

In Rebuttal

Sir:

Of all the letters written in response to TIME's Man of the Year selection, I was most impressed by the Rev. Henry P. Van Dusen's [Jan. 18]. His observation that the Vatican Council has shown "little prospect of changes on the more intractable issues that divide Roman Catholics and their Protestant 'separated brethren'" is soberly accurate. It would have been perfectly accurate had he said that there is no prospect of such changes.

The matters he referred to are fundamental to Catholicism, and cannot be changed. Equally accurate is the Rev. Van Dusen's estimate that the most that Protestants can hope for from the council is an enlargement of "fellowship, conversation, and possibly

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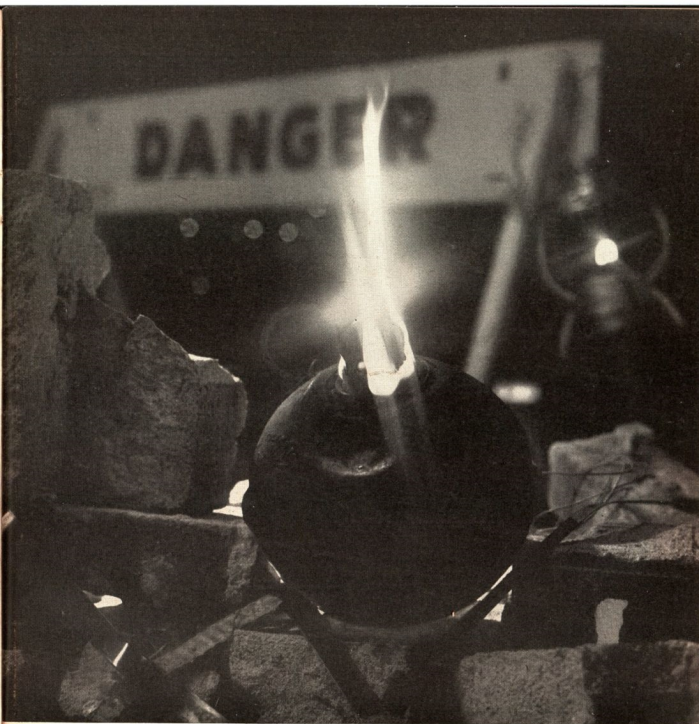
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DANGER

Sometimes a danger is hard to recognize even though a warning lamp is lighted. The loss of freedom is one such danger. And the steady growth of government-in-business is one such danger signal.

In the last 30 years the federal government has come to own many

thousands of businesses, from cement mixing plants to ice cream factories. In the field of electricity alone it now has an investment of 5½ billion dollars in power plants and lines. And the advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

When government owns business it has in its hands both political and economic powers—the means of controlling goods and jobs. In such a state it can become difficult indeed for individuals to keep their basic freedoms.

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limited cooperation between Catholics and non-Catholics, but no more than that."

It is hard for a Catholic to put his church's case frankly without appearing to be intransigent and arrogant. But if Protestants could borrow some of Mohammed's philosophical attitude, they would realize that this particular mountain is immovable. It has to be, Mohammed will have to go to the mountain.

Incidentally, I am a writer of Catholic magazine articles.

JOHN H. JEWELL

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Sir:

Those words of Reader Michael McCracken [Jan. 11] about the "outdated and archaic beliefs and customs" of Christianity dare not go unchallenged.

Does he know of the appraisal of Einstein, who is reported to have said:

"Being a lover of freedom, when the revolution came to Germany, I looked to the universities to defend it, knowing that they had always boasted of their devotion to the cause of truth; but no, the universities were immediately silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers, but they, like the universities, were silenced in a few short weeks. Then I looked to the individual writers, but they too were mute. Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing the truth. I never had any great interest in the Church before. But now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly."

(THE REV.) S. T. MOYER

Bethel Mennonite Church
Pekin, Ill.

Editor's Comment

Sir:

We should like to thank you for opening the columns of TIME for an extremely well-written presentation of the Danish press and for choosing the Berlingske Tidende as a focal point. We have evidence from many parts of Europe showing that the article [Jan. 4] has been widely read. It has given us confidence to tackle the next 214 years, even if it will necessarily mean a change of editors.

TERKEL M. TERKELSEN

Editor in Chief

Berlingske Tidende
Copenhagen

The Governor's Lady

Sir:

Re your picture showing Governor Peabody serving his wife breakfast in bed: Is his first name Chub or Chump?

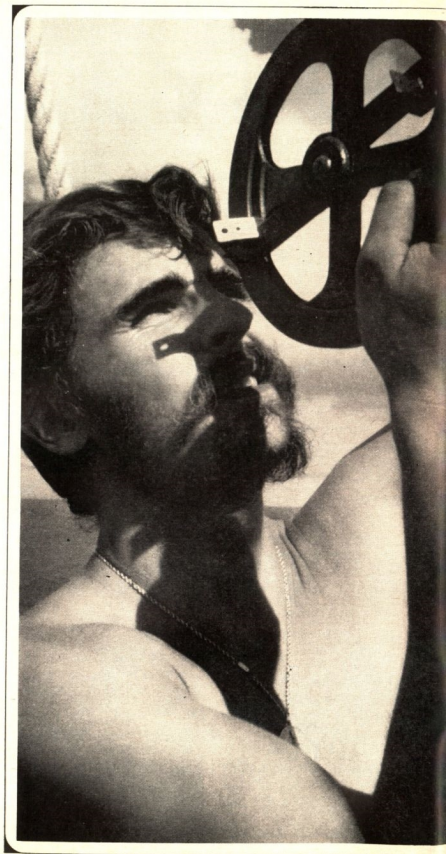
ARTHUR GLOWKA

Scarsdale, N.Y.

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The voyage: "It's the sight of a black sky at noon and the sound of the wind rising and the knowledge that only a thin sheath of leaky wooden beams keeps you afloat over the surface of death. It's the sickening feeling as *Niña* suddenly heels over more than 60 degrees, a wall of water gushes over the side, and you fight to cut down the sails before the gale snaps the mainmast like a match.

It's the taste of brackish water, in smaller and smaller rations until there's no water at all, the taste of food that gets so rotten that you finally eat it in the dark so you don't have to look at it. It's the taste of freshly caught shark—harpooned, roped and writhing, and then battered to death on the deck—when you know that scores of other sharks are on the other side of those leaky beams, waiting for you.

It's not all a nightmare, of course. It's also the clean joy of a ship surging forward under sail, and the sound of your crewmates singing, and the sense that you're close to a kind of truth you can't find on land."

Christopher Columbus, the Second

Exclusive—Robert Marx writes the story of his stormy voyage on the *Niña II*, authentic replica of Columbus's ship, from Spain to the Bahamas. This is the most gripping sea adventure in years. A Saturday Evening Post exclusive.

Last summer, the Post commissioned marine archaeologist Robert Marx, only American crewman on the *Niña II*, to keep a log of the voyage...a re-creation of Columbus's historic journey to the New World almost 500 years ago. Marx filled his logbooks with 120,000 thrilling words.

In November, the long-overdue, 42-foot caravel was nearly given up for lost (it had no motor, no radio). The U.S. Navy and Coast Guard mounted a far-ranging search, finally spotted the tiny ship. A Post editorial team flew out at once, dropped messages, later made contact by tugboat and got its stirring story, its exciting pictures.

Like so many Post features you've been reading and hearing about lately, "We Sailed the Columbus Ship" (January 26 issue) will be a national conversation piece. It's typical of the exclusive, all-out-reporting that makes The Saturday Evening Post America's most quoted magazine.





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Bernard M. Auer



ELSON



ILLINGWORTH

SOMETIMES a subject is both too wide-ranging and too nebulous to be told around one man. In such cases we now turn with greater frequency to such devices as this week's cover by one of Britain's top cartoonists, Illingworth. "My cover won't be a happy one," said Leslie Illingworth, a jolly, 60-year-old Welshman with a John Bullish face, who draws for *Punch* and London's Daily Mail. He meant his Britannia to be looking a little abashed toward America, not Europe. "We're not anti-American in this country, and we understand the breakaway of the American Revolution, but when the kid comes and belts the old girl across the backside it's a bit much," he says. "We are due for a shake-up." It's salutary and good for us. But it's hard too. It's like a successful son saying, "Open the windows, mother—God, all that fug."

For the story, London Bureau Chief Robert Elson deployed his staff to look into every corner of Britain's life. Parliamentary Correspondent Honor Ball-four concentrated on the politician Monica Dehn, with two children to educate, had a lively interest in British education. Charles Champlin worked his way through the young satirists and playwrights, and others who are now angry at being called Angry Young Men. His interviews ranged from the Savile Club to Colin MacInnes' bare flat, where they drank scotch-laced coffee and listened to Billie Holiday cords to take the chill off a freezing morning. Donald Connery, fresh from the cooler precincts of Moscow, rode the train north to such unemployment spots as Liverpool and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Though Connery's mother was born on the Tyne, he reports: "I have heard more understandable English in Calcutta and Katmandu than in some stretches of North England." Robert Ball, who did the major economic reporting of Britain, had previously reported for many years in postwar Germany. "Most of what I have read about Britain in recent years embra-

sized the changes taking place here," he says. "Perhaps that was why I was surprised, having come from a country of almost total change, to find so little here." To Ball, the rebuilt Germany has an airport-terminal newness and sameness; Britain impresses more by its age and continuity and settled ways ("Where else would a Dickensian wine dealer advise about a '57 Burgundy in kindly but firm tones: 'No news from that one at all yet. I'm afraid'").

The overall impression of our London staff, providing a theme for our cover story, is of a nation in trouble, but vigorous in its self-examination. In New York, the story was written by Michael Demarest and edited by Edward Hughes.

SO far, 1963 has had an auspicious beginning for TIME. Our worldwide circulation topped 3,600,000, and the Jan. 11 issue reached a new circulation high in the U.S.: 2,020,000.

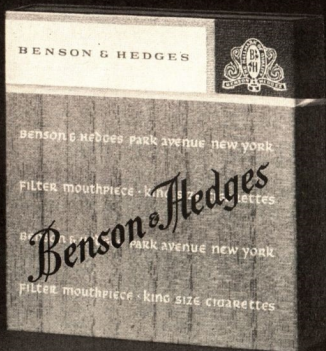
Right now, the newspaper strikes in New York and Cleveland have whetted the demand for TIME, and in the New York City area alone, 50,000 added copies are being sold each week. But TIME's newsstand circulation—always a useful index of a magazine's vitality—has been extraordinarily healthy right along. The December average sale was 28% ahead of December 1961, and each weekly issue since last June has outsold the corresponding issue of the year before.

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THE NATION

THE BUDGET

That Four-Letter Word

Samuel Gompers, a founder of the A.F.L., once capsuled his philosophy in a single word: "More." That same four-letter word, it now appears, would best describe the spending principles of the Kennedy Administration.

Last week President Kennedy unwrapped his budget for fiscal 1964 (beginning next July), and lo, it called for more spending than ever. It had more of almost everything than the current budget—including red ink. Total expenditures: \$98.8 billion, up some \$4.5 billion from the current fiscal year, and \$500 million more than the Government paid out in the peak spending year of World War II. Indicated deficit: \$11.9 billion. Only a fraction of that deficit is attributable to the tax cuts that the President called for in his State of the Union message delivered earlier last week. Assuming that tax reduction would stimulate the economy, the Administration calculates the "net revenue loss" during fiscal 1964 at \$2.7 billion. Thus, without any tax revision whatever, the new budget would still show a staggering \$9.2 billion difference between outgo and income.

Straight from Dreamland. To hear New Frontiersmen tell it, the new budget is lean and hard, a direct result of heroic economizing. President Kennedy labeled it "frugal," said it represented the "minimum necessary to meet the essential needs." Defense Secretary Robert McNamara—it was said—had slashed \$13 billion from the Army, Navy and Air Force requests; the Budget Bureau and the White House had lopped still another \$8 billion or so out of the civilian agencies' budgets.

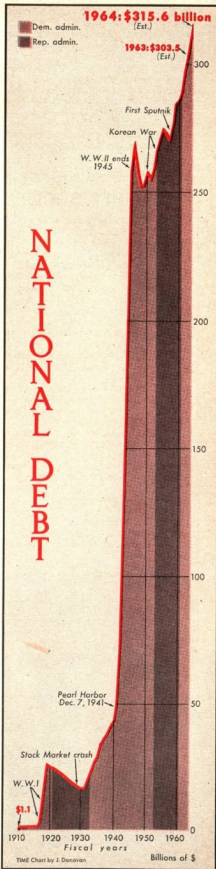
But despite all this proclaimed austerity, the new budget brought out cries of horror in Congress. Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen called it "incredible," and fellow Republicans in the Senate and House denounced it as "radical," "ridiculous," "morally wrong," and "straight from a dreamland of fiscal fantasy." Missouri's Democratic Representative Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, said the budget was "monstrous," predicted that his committee would "find places to cut it substantially." Arkansas' Democratic Senator William Fulbright said the budget "seems extraordinarily high." And New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clin-

ton Anderson pronounced the budget "discouraging."

"A Chilling Effect." As if the stated figures were not bad enough, most Congressmen recognized that Presidents are traditionally and notoriously overoptimistic in estimating the size of budget deficits. Missouri's Cannon complained on the floor of the House that over the past nine years the Administration budget-makers have underestimated the red ink by a net total of \$37.5 billion. "They were feasting on the delights of sweet anticipation," growled Cannon. "But now we are gnawing on the cold cornucopia of stern reality." For example, only a year ago Kennedy submitted a 1963 budget indicating a surplus of \$500 million; that wishful bit of black ink has since changed into a massive blotch of red, currently estimated at \$8.8 billion. With that in mind, Virginia Democrat Harry F. Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, predicted that the actual deficit under the President's 1964 budget would run to \$14 billion.

One potentially disastrous result of the new Kennedy budget is that it seriously endangers the whole tax-reduction, tax-reform program that the President has set as his major goal for 1963. Many members of Congress had expressed themselves as willing to go along with Kennedy's tax program—if the President were willing to cut spending. By presenting a budget with a huge deficit glaring forth like a baleful, bloodshot eye, Kennedy may have sabotaged his tax program. Said Alabama's Democratic Senator John Sparkman, a qualified liberal who was Adlai Stevenson's 1952 running mate: "Members are going to be hesitant to vote large tax cuts with a heavy deficit such as that." Echoed South Dakota's Republican Karl Mundt: "Unless the budget is reduced, it will have a chilling effect on the understandable desire to cut taxes." Indiana's Charles A. Halleck, G.O.P. leader in the House, charged that the new budget "makes a mockery of the Administration's brave talk of letting the taxpayer keep more of his own money."

A Sugar-Coating. Foreseeing that Congress would have a hard time swallowing his budget, the President tried to sugar-coat the pill. In his budget message, he divided the proposed expenditures into 1) national defense and space, plus interest on the national debt, and 2) "all other functions." Invoking the name of national security, he insisted that his spending



splurge could be entirely accounted for by No. 1, Items:

- **DEBT INTEREST:** Up some \$300 million to a new peak of \$10.1 billion, more than 10% of the entire budget.

- **DEFENSE:** Up \$2.4 billion to \$55.4 billion, with part of the increase to go for planned pay raises for military personnel. In keeping with the Administration's defense policies, the budget provides for an intensified buildup in limited-war readiness, with added funds for tactical and transport planes and Army weaponry. The

expansion of Polaris and Minuteman strategic missile forces is slated to continue at about the current pace. No money at all is listed for procurement of bomber planes or for the abandoned Skybolt project, and only a thin slice for prototype development of the RS-70 superplane, which has important friends in Congress.

- **SPACE:** Up to \$4.2 billion, rocketing from \$2.4 billion in the current year. According to James E. Webb, head of the National Aeronautics & Space Administration, that \$4.2 billion is an uncomfort-

ably stingy "austerity budget." Congress is unlikely to insist on deep cuts—winning the "space race" with Russia is a vital, well accepted national objective. But of that \$4.2 billion total, only \$2.7 billion is budgeted for manned space flight, the real realm of the space race. The remaining \$1.5 billion is to be spent for what the President calls a "wide range of programs of scientific investigation and development of useful applications."

These three categories total \$69.7 billion, up \$4.5 billion from expenditures in fiscal 1963. Kennedy's claim to frugality rests upon the remaining 30% of the budget—that bundle of "all other functions." By the Administration's arithmetic, the 1964 budget trims spending in this civil sector by \$300 million—from \$29.7 billion in the current year to \$29.4 billion.

Some Filmmaking. There is considerable filmmaking even in this claim of meager cost cutting. Part of the "economizing" results from postal-rate increases already in effect. Another part is based on the hope—which may or may not be fulfilled—that private lenders will take over from the Federal Government several hundred million dollars worth of housing loans and farm price-support loans.

Finally, the Administration hopes to achieve a hefty saving on dealings in cotton. Last year U.S. textile firms reduced their cotton inventories drastically; the Commodity Credit Corp., therefore, had to buy up abnormally large quantities of cotton under the Government's price-support programs. In fiscal 1964, the Administration presupposes, the supply of cotton will decrease (because of a reduction in cotton acreage allotments) and the demand will increase (because of a pending Administration bill that would, in effect, lower the price of cotton to U.S. manufacturers). Accordingly, the Administration hopes to shrink cotton-support outlays by \$200 million and, in addition, dispose of \$500 million worth of the CCC's present \$1.7 billion cotton inventory. If things work out, the CCC's ledgers will show a net improvement of \$700 million on cotton transactions.

Aside from such quicker-than-the-eye "economies," the new budget proposes to spend not less but more for those "other functions." It even requests funds for some brand-new programs, notably \$60 million to establish a National Service Corps (the so-called Domestic Peace Corps) to "strengthen the volunteer spirit in the provision of social services in our local communities."

Assuming that Congress accepts Kennedy's budget and that the budget does no worse than its proposed deficit, that would mean that the Administration would run up the national debt by \$27 billion in just three years. The debt would then total nearly \$316 billion—a figure which should give pause even to the most enthusiastic proponents of "more." In addition, the very size of Kennedy's gargantuan budget has probably thrown a damper on any psychological lift that the economy might be expected to get from tax cuts and tax reform.

Kennedy's Case for a HIGHER BUDGET & LOWER TAXES

WHEN an Administration proposes both a huge tax cut and the biggest federal budget in history, it is asking for trouble. Well aware of this fact, President Kennedy prepared his annual economic report, sent to Capitol Hill this week, with an eye to calming the critics.

In the report—which clearly reflects the thinking of Walter W. Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers—Kennedy insisted there is no alternative to a huge budget deficit in fiscal 1964. "Our choice is not the oversimplified one sometimes posed, between tax reduction and a deficit on one hand and a budget easily balanced by prudent management on the other. We have been sliding into one deficit after another through repeated recessions and persistent slack in our economy. If we were to try to force budget balance by drastic cuts in expenditures—necessarily at the expense of defense and other vital programs—we would not only endanger the security of the country; we would so depress demand, production and employment that tax revenues would fall and leave the Government budget still in deficit."

Strength or Weakness. So, as Kennedy sees it, "Our practical choice is not between deficit and surplus but between two kinds of deficits: between deficits born of waste and weakness and deficits incurred as we build our future strength. If an individual spends

frivolously beyond his means today and borrows beyond his prospects for earning tomorrow, this is a sign of weakness. But if he borrows prudently to invest in a machine that boosts his business profits . . . this can be a source of strength."

Kennedy seemed to feel that there was no great harm in the bloating national debt. "The ability of the nation to service the federal debt rests on the income of its citizens, whose taxes must pay the interest. Total federal interest payments as a fraction of the national income have fallen from 2.8% in 1946 to 2.1% last year. The gross debt itself as a proportion of our G.N.P. has also fallen steadily—from 123% in 1946 to 55% last year. Under the budgetary changes scheduled this year and next, these ratios will continue their decline."

Hinted Warning. To those who see a threat of inflation in his fiscal policy, Kennedy cited the fact that prices have been essentially stable for the past five years, claimed that "this has broken the inflationary psychology and eased the task of assuring continued stability."

Overall, Kennedy maintained that the economy improved in his two years in office. Personal income is up 12%; corporate profits reached a record \$51 billion for 1962. The balance-of-payments deficit has dropped from \$3.9 billion in 1960 to \$2 billion in 1962. But this is not good enough, Kennedy contended, since 4,000,000 are still unemployed, some \$30 billion to \$40 billion in productive capacity lies idle, and the U.S. growth rate has averaged only 2.7% since 1955.

Tax reduction and reform can stimulate the economy to close this gap between performance and capability, Kennedy argued. "The recovery that was initiated shortly after I took office now stands poised at a moment of decision. I do not believe the American people will be—or should be—content merely to set new records. The main block to full employment is an unrealistically heavy burden of taxation. The time has come to remove it."

HELLER & BOSS





J.F.K. IN THE SPOTLIGHT AT THE WASHINGTON ARMORY
Ask what the party can do for you . . .

WALTER DENNETT

DEMOCRATS

The \$1,000 Understanding

With their party's National Committee \$800,000 in debt, Democrats had to think big. The \$100-a-plate fund-raising dinner, invented almost 30 years ago by Pennsylvania's Matt McCloskey, seemed obsolescent. So Democratic party leaders decided to celebrate the second anniversary of President Kennedy's inaugural with a big show at Washington's National Guard Armory, preceded by a dinner at the New International Inn. Tickets to the show were a piddling \$100—but those for the dinner drew down no less than \$1,000.

What was the incentive to fork over \$1,000? It certainly wasn't the food:

Avocado Pear Neptune
Hearts of Celery—Queen Olives
Green Turtle Soup Amontillado—Cheese Sticks
Filet of English Sole, Glacée Véronique
Broiled Tomato with French Peas
Hearts of Palm Salad—Boston Lettuce
Cherry Blossom International
Demitasse

Perhaps a better explanation of the incentive to attend could be found in the experience of the Washington representative of a New York business firm. Having a lonely luncheon a few days ago in Washington's Paul Young's restaurant, a favorite New Frontier hangout, he was approached by a Democratic National Committee staffer. The staffer suggested that the businessman might enjoy paying \$1,000 for a dinner ticket. Asked the businessman: "Why in the world would I want to do that?" Well, there were several reasons. For one thing, all contributors would be invited to a big do at the White House some time this year. For another, all those who attended would get a gold-engraved card signifying that

they were members of "The President's Club." Much more important, the National Committee planned to set up a special "liaison office," and if holders of "The President's Club" cards "have any little problems, you'll have this central listening point."

Into the Side Room. Such enticements drew some 600 people to the International Inn's chandeliered Federal Room. To make things merrier, there were baskets filled with miniature Scotch and bourbon bottles on each table; there was sherry in and with the soup, a '59 Pouilly-Fuissé with the fish, champagne with the dessert (which was soaked in Cherry Heering), and cognac with the coffee. The guests included not only the Washington regulars—like Mike Mansfield and Hubert Humphrey—but a large assortment of out-of-towners. Among those present was the New York Yankees' outfielder Mickey Mantle, happily admitting: "I paid the thousand."

The President, accompanied by Jackie, who was stunning in a gown with a white satin skirt and a raspberry headed top, arrived later than most of their guests, went table-hopping for an hour. Not until most of the diners were leaving did Jack and Jackie retire to a side room for their own meal.

Hanging On. After dinner, the whole party moved over to the armory, where 6,000 contributors had turned out to see a splendid show, organized by Broadway Composer Richard Adler. The huge hall was happily decorated with 4,000 red, white and blue balloons, and there were plenty of Kennedys for the guests to gander at. M.C.s Gene Kelly and Kirk Douglas mixed wisecracks (said Douglas, "I've heard a rumor that a movie is to be made about Brother Edward, to be called 'I Was a Teen-Age Senator'") with tributes to the President, and introduced a parade of first-rate entertainers. Yves

Montand sang his French songs, Spain's Antonio danced with his flamenco ballet company, George Burns and Carol Channing joked, Comedienne Carol Burnett called the President "a regular pussycat." The big hit of the show was the New York City Ballet, doing excerpts from *Stars and Stripes*.

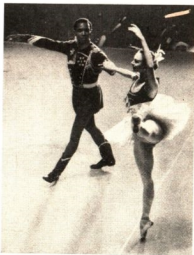
Around midnight, the President himself closed the show with a few words, noting the history of the \$100 dinner. "We have revolutionized that by removing the dinner," he joked, "but we are hanging on to the \$100." Then the celebrators went home, having contributed more than \$1,000,000 and thereby put the Democratic National Committee comfortably back in the black for the first time since 1952.

THE PRESIDENCY

Away from Home

Presidents, who used to be as solidly grounded in Washington as their monuments, are becoming increasingly peripatetic. Asked by a reporter to compare the days spent away from Washington by John Kennedy and Dwight Eisenhower during their first two years in office, the White House found that Kennedy was out of the capital 215 days, compared with 195 for Eisenhower.

Most of Eisenhower's days away were spent at Augusta or at his Camp David retreat. Kennedy put in vacation time at Hyannisport, Palm Beach, Newport and Glen Ora. Eisenhower, who did most of his official traveling toward the end of his tenure, left the country only on brief trips to Ottawa, Bermuda, and a dam dedication in Mexico during his first two years. Kennedy made state visits to England, France, Mexico, Canada and South America, went to Vienna to meet with Khrushchev, and attended conferences in the Bahamas and Bermuda. The difference in total miles traveled: 124,299 for Kennedy, 69,553 for Eisenhower.



STARS & STRIPES BALLET
... after you have done for the party.



RHODES



HUGHES



CONNALLY



BELLMON

Also Billy Graham, Vic Damone, the Ames Brothers, Joey Bishop.



HOFF

THE STATES

The New Boys

These were the new boys. Some were Democrats, others Republicans. The difficulties they faced were as different as the 50 states of the Union. But as newly elected Governors, all had strong ideas about what they wanted—and didn't want. And in their diverse interests and approaches, they made for a fascinating collection. Among those taking office last week:

Ohio Republican James A. Rhodes, 53, was determined to put his state's government back on the conservative, business-like path from which it had strayed during the administration of Democrat Mike Di Salle. In his inaugural address, former State Auditor Rhodes called for industrial development combined with "fiscal integrity" and "rigid economies." To demonstrate that he meant to practice what he preached, Rhodes had already ordered the ouster of more than 3,500 state employees hired since last Sept. 17—all still on "temporary" civil service status.

Iowa Democrat Harold E. Hughes, 40, who switched his allegiance from the G.O.P. nearly six years ago because "my basic feelings were not compatible with the Republican philosophy," now appeared before a heavily Republican state legislature. Said Hughes: "The differences that divide us as partisans are small by comparison with the common ground that unites us as fellow Iowans." Maybe so, maybe not. In any event, Hughes seemed certain to run into trouble on his first specific proposals: to legalize liquor by the drink; and to provide public transportation for both public and parochial school children.

Oklahoma Republican Henry Bellmon, 41, the first member of his party ever to be elected Governor of Oklahoma, con-

fronted the state's Democratic legislature with some of the bluntest political words that have been heard in a long while. Said Bellmon: "You can lie to me once. But I can assure you it will be only once. I have learned that in politics the best philosophy is to forgive and remember." Some 25,000 Sooners flocked into Oklahoma City for the inauguration, saw Wheat Farmer Bellmon go informal to his inaugural ball ("I'm not going to wear a cockeyed tux"). Bellmon made it plenty plain that Oklahoma was in for a new deal. Said he: "Practically every pressure group that prowls the legislative halls went down to defeat on Nov. 6. Never has a legislature had such a free hand to write a program for a whole state without regard for the selfish interests of a privileged few. The power blocs are in shambles."

Texas Democrat John Connally, 45, came in with a shebang rarely equaled even in those wide open spaces. Connally had invited "everyone in Texas" to attend his inauguration—and it sometimes seemed that most everybody did. Hotels and motels had been sold out weeks in advance, guests poured into Austin by private plane, chartered train and special bus. Evangelist Billy Graham did the honors at a prayer breakfast; Vic Damone, the Ames Brothers and Comedian Joey Bishop were featured at the \$25-a-plate "victory" dinner. In his address, Connally spoke about the "task of tomorrow." For many of those present, the big task of tomorrow would be dealing with a Texas-sized hangover.

Vermont Democrat Philip Hoff, 38, first Governor of his party in Vermont since 1854, went before a state legislature ruled 4 to 1 by Republicans. Hoff played it cagey. Promising the legislators a "new and fresh approach," he thereupon suggested that they adjourn.

"What a Time"

Taking over a state that has been declared a depressed area in 56 of its 67 counties, William Warren Scranton, 45, attempted to bring some austerity to Pennsylvania's traditionally gaudy inauguration ceremonies. He showed up wearing a business suit rather than the usual cutaway, held the inaugural parade down to a mere three hours, gave the shortest inaugural address oldtimers could remember. But after eight years on the outside, Pennsylvania Republicans could not resist turning Bill Scranton's inauguration into a proper wingding.

Ten thousand of them packed the State Farm Show arena to hear Scranton take the oath of office and promise "a new era in Pennsylvania progress." Concentrating on the need for cooperation between parties, Scranton also said, "Don't tell me that Pennsylvania can't lick its problems, because I know it can. We still have the same God-given natural resources, the same advantages for commerce and industry, the same progressive spirit that brought us greatness in other ages. But these things must be tapped."

That night 5,500 merry Republicans attended, at \$12.50 a head, the inaugural ball in the Harrisburg Zembo Mosque, and Scranton himself was caught up in the enthusiasm of the occasion. He spun his wife around in a Viennese waltz and a polka, went a few fast fox trots with his 17-year-old daughter Susan, who took off her shoes in a display of considerable confidence. Later, Scranton performed a three-minute Charleston solo, causing a startled observer to exclaim, "Can you imagine what the Democrats will do with a picture of Scranton spread out in a



SCRANTON & WIFE
And a human being.

Charleston position?" He got a quick answer from another G.O.P. lady: "Wasn't he just great? It shows we've got a real human being for Governor. What a time we're going to have."

Voices from the Past

In his inaugural address, Pennsylvania's Scranton told of a troubling remark made to him by a young man during the campaign: "I can't for the life of me figure why anybody would want to be Governor of this state." And even as Scranton was taking the oath of office from State Supreme Court Chief Justice John C. Bell Jr., 70, who served 20 days as Governor in 1947, the problems of being Pennsylvania's chief executive were recalled by seven other ex-Governors. Their bitter-sweet memories, as published in the Philadelphia Bulletin:

► Former Democrat George H. Earle (1935-39) is 72 and writing his memoirs. Says Earle of his governorship: "I was happy because I felt I was doing something constructive, unhappy because of the disloyalty right in my own party. If I had to do it all over again, I'd never run for Governor." Originally a New Dealer, Earle later became a Republican, is now "so disenchanted with both parties" that he refuses to belong to either.

► Republican Arthur James (1939-43) is 79, still goes every day to his Wilkes-Barre law office. James, a tiny (5 ft. 5 in., 135 lbs.) former coal-mine breaker's boy, once said he "wouldn't cross Broad Street to become Governor." Now he remembers: "The Democrats were in control down in Washington. What a bunch they were . . . When I was inaugurated, there were 1,000,000 unemployed in this state. We had a \$90 million deficit. The Democrats knew I wanted to balance the budget. So what do you suppose they did? Every time I was about to balance it, they would slash the WPA rolls. Once they knocked 100,000 off the rolls, making Pennsylvania put them on relief. That was a terrific added burden. But I guess that's politics."

► Republican Edward Martin (1943-47) is 83, heads an oil and gas company in Washington, Pa. Recalls Martin: "Politics is an expensive game. I'd have a lot more money today if I'd stayed out. But I enjoyed it. Besides, it's a citizen's duty to serve."

► Republican James H. Duff (1947-51) is 80, visits his Washington, D.C., law office "only by appointment." One of the original backers of Eisenhower for President, Duff says: "My term didn't last long enough for me to accomplish the things I was doing. Otherwise, I have no regrets about it. But there was my term as U.S. Senator. That stemmed from being Governor. If I could have quit the Senate with dignity, I would have after three years. They had me on the Post Office and Civil Service committees. That was terrible. I was wasting my time."

► Republican John S. Fine (1951-55) is 69, practices law in Wilkes-Barre. Says he: "I had enough of the governorship. I wouldn't want any more, not with what I



SOUTH CAROLINA'S RUSSELL & WIFE AT INTEGRATED RECEPTION

encountered: a fight in my own party, a lot of ingratitude, friends who failed to stand behind me."

► Democrat George Leader (1955-59) was Governor at 37, a defeated Senate candidate at 40, and is now a banking executive at 45. Says he: "I blurred my image by pressing for so much legislation." As Governor, Leader raised state taxes and suffered the consequences: "The new taxes cost me my popularity and a seat in the U.S. Senate."

► Democrat Dave Lawrence, 73 and recently named chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing, alone among the ex-Governors had only comfortable memories to pass along to his successor, Bill Scranton: "We showed greater gains in traffic safety than any other state. And, of course, we balanced the budget—something that hadn't been done for a long time. I'm especially proud about that. So I guess I'm leaving office without a regret, with no animosities."

New Note in Dixie

Way, way down in the land of cotton, two attractive Governors last week delivered their inaugural addresses and, in a pleasant departure from the past, they weren't just whistling Dixie.

"Fact of the Land." For South Carolina's Donald S. Russell, 56, the tone had been set by outgoing Governor Ernest F. Hollings. Said Hollings in his farewell appearance before the state legislature: "We have all argued that the Supreme Court [desegregation] decision of 1954 is not the law of the land. But everyone must agree that it is the fact of the land . . . If and when every legal remedy has been exhausted, this general assembly must make clear South Carolina's choice, a government by laws rather than a government of men." The legislators gave Hollings a hearty round of standing applause.

On inauguration day, Russell promised to "give all our people the opportunity they truly deserve," pledged that "we shall work out our problems peaceably according to our standards of justice and decency." Later, for the first time in memory, Negroes were invited to mix with whites in a buffet reception on the



ALABAMA'S WALLACE, WIFE & SON
The souls were showing.

lawn of the governor's mansion. Several hundred showed up.

In Georgia, newly elected Governor Carl Sanders, 37, promised "new and greater opportunities for all." Though committed to "maintain Georgia's traditional separation," Sanders has also warned that "violence in any form will not be tolerated," vowed that "we shall apply as the test of our progress not whether we add to those who have much but whether we provide larger opportunities for those who have little." That same night State Senator Leroy R. Johnson, 34, the first Negro elected to the Georgia state senate in 93 years, attended the Governor's inaugural ball.

Old Threats. Only in Alabama was the usual segregationist tirade heard. There, incoming Governor George C. Wallace, 43, who has pledged to "stand in the schoolhouse door" if necessary to prevent integration, cried: "I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny, and I say segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever." Wearing two sets of underwear (he insisted they were "Confederate suits," not union suits) beneath his clothes to guard against the Yankee-like cold snap, Wallace threatened a Dixiecrat rebellion. Said he: "We intend to carry our fight for freedom across this nation, yielding the balance of power we know we possess in the Southland . . . We, not the insipid bloc voters of some sections, will determine in the next election who

shall sit in the White House of these United States."

But even in Alabama, Wallace's stand was not unanimously endorsed. Newly elected Lieutenant Governor James B. Allen, although a segregationist, has made it plain that he does not intend to back Wallace in defying the U.S. And Attorney General Richmond Flowers, in his inaugural statement, looked ahead to pending Negro applications to the University of Alabama. Said he: "Alabama's soul will soon be laid bare before the world. God grant that we may not be ashamed of it."

Job Security?

Like any normal, healthy Kennedy kinsman, the President's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, has political ambitions. Having successfully launched the Peace Corps, Shriver would like to go onward and upward to elective office in Illinois.

The likeliest-looking office is Illinois' governorship in 1964, and during a television appearance last month, Shriver indicated that he had his eye on that job. This produced acute jitters in the insecure incumbent, Democrat Otto Kerner, who serves at the pleasure of Chicago Boss Richard Daley.

Seeking reassurance, Kerner obtained qualified support from Daley, and last week was able to announce that Shriver "wrote me a letter—and I still have it—in which he indicated that he will not be a candidate." Shriver had indeed written to Kerner, but was careful to say he would support the Governor "if" he were a candidate for re-election. With Daley and Shriver both hedging, Kerner was hardly secure for '64.

The First

For Edward Brooke, 43, inauguration day was especially sweet. The only Republican among four Massachusetts state officers sworn in last week, he was also the first Negro to be elected attorney general in the U.S.



FRANK KELLEY—BOSTON TRAVELER
A. G. BROOKE & WIFE
Mr. Republican in Massachusetts.

The son of a Veterans Administration attorney in Washington, D.C., Brooke served five years as an infantry officer in Europe during World War II, then entered Boston University Law School. Soon after graduation in 1949 he made his first try for public office as a candidate for the state house of representatives. He lost the election. But, he says, "I never lost the bug." Twice more, Lawyer Brooke ran for office, once for secretary of state. Twice more he lost.

But his easy manner and quick intelligence were winning friends all across the state. In his campaign for attorney general, Brooke ran hard—"like a Democrat," state politicians admiringly admitted—was often up to handshake at factory gates by 5:30 a.m., won support from Boston bankers and Beacon Hill matrons. Even in the 1962 Democratic landslide in Massachusetts, Brooke won handily. "Now," he grins, "I'll have to prove that I can do the job."

THE CONGRESS

Quid Pro Nothing

The most embarrassing thing that can happen to a politician is, of course, to get beaten in an election. The next most embarrassing thing is to make a bargain and not be able to keep it—which is precisely what happened last week to House Speaker John McCormack.

At specific issue was a seat on the House Ways and Means Committee, which must pass on all revenue legislation, including the Kennedy Administration's 1963 tax program and medicare bill. There were two vacancies on Ways and Means that would go to Democrats. Tennessee's Ross Bass had already nailed down one of them—and McCormack already had promised the other to Georgia's Phil Landrum, 53, co-author of the Georgia-Griffin Labor Bill and, until recently, a certified conservative.

Behind McCormack's promise lay the recent fight over a 15-member Rules Committee, which presumably would not act as a roadblock to Administration legislation (TIME, Jan. 18). McCormack had thought he needed the ten votes of Georgia's House delegation to win that battle. He thereupon entered into negotiations with old Carl Vinson, dean of the House Georgians. In return for Georgia's votes—plus Landrum's promise that he would support both the President's tax program and medicare—McCormack agreed to get Landrum on Ways and Means.

With Georgia's help, McCormack won the Rules Committee fight. Now it was his turn to deliver. But House Democratic liberals had heard about the deal—and they did not like it one bit. Neither were they soothed by Landrum's promises on taxes and medicare. "It's not just this year's bills," said one, "Landrum will be hitting us in the head for the next 20 years." The insurgents got support from labor, which has the authors of the Landrum-Griffin Act on the same blacklist as the authors of the Taft-Hartley Law.



WALTER BERNETT
JENNINGS & BASS
Mr. Speaker notwithstanding.

They also got support from Rules Committee Chairman Howard Smith, a Virginia conservative who remained rankled by what he considered a Georgia sellout on the Rules vote. Smith decided that even a liberal might be preferable to an apostate, and he led 25 or 30 Southern conservatives into the liberals' camp. In the Democratic caucus, the vote for the available Ways and Means place was 161 for Pat Jennings, the only liberal member of Virginia's House delegation, to 126 for Landrum. Since both Jennings and Tennessee's Bass are loyal Administration supporters, their election certainly strengthened the chances of passing the fiscal legislation President Kennedy believes is vital. But McCormack's inability to deliver his end of the bargain was an ominous sign, another reminder of the tenuous control the Administration's chief spokesman exercises over the Democratic Party in the House.

The Ritual

Like the ruffed grouse in its mating ceremony, the U.S. Senate began its biennial ritual—Democrats filibustering against Democratic efforts to end Democratic filibustering.

As he had in 1953, 1957, 1959 and 1961, New Mexico's liberal Clinton Anderson tried to amend Senate Rule XXII. He proposed that the rule permit debate to be shut off by three-fifths rather than two-thirds of the Senators present and voting. Georgia's Richard Russell had already served notice that any attempt to change the cloture rule would be met with "an all-out, last-ditch, to-the-end-of-the-road fight." Thereupon the Southern Democrats arose to start talking to death—as they had in previous years—the effort of Northern Democrats.

But this time there did not seem to be much passion in the dispute. Although Majority Leader Mike Mansfield supported Anderson's stand, he declined to throw

the Senate into round-the-clock sessions; in this, he was backed by Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, who said he did not care to see the Senate become "a chamber of walking coronaries." Sensing defeat, liberal New Jersey Republican Clifford Case, a strong anti-filibuster man, said that a vote would be preferable to an extension of the ritual that is becoming "almost like a minut." Minnesota's liberal Hubert Humphrey agreed, saying: "I'm not one for prolonging the agony."

THE ADMINISTRATION The Young Lawyer

Ethel Kennedy was there with four children. Rose Kennedy was there. Eunice Kennedy Shriver was there with her son Bobby. Jean Kennedy Smith was there. Senator Teddy Kennedy was there with his wife Joan. And Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was there with a mink hat. In fact, the Kennedys outnumbered the nine Justices of the Supreme Court, who also showed up. They had come to see a young lawyer named Bobby Kennedy plead his first case in any court.

At the University of Virginia Law School, Bobby graduated 56th in a class of 125. Later, he did book work for a while with the Justice Department's criminal division, went on to make a name for himself as chief counsel of the Senate's labor-investigating McClellan Committee, was named U.S. Attorney General by his older brother. Now it seemed time to go to court.

Bobby did not pick himself an easy case as a starter. He appeared as *amicus curiae* in *Saunders v. Gray*, an immensely complicated case in which Georgia's county unit voting system is challenged. That system which was overturned last year by a lower court, gives nearly eight times as much weight to rural votes as it does to urban votes. It hands control of the legislature to back-country princelings, often assures the election of wool-hat Governors, and, incidentally, minimizes the Negro vote, which is concentrated in the cities.

Before Bobby got around to arguing against the county unit system, he undertook the pleasant task of presenting Senator Teddy for admission to the bar of the Supreme Court. Finally he got down to business. Clad in the customary morning coat and striped pants, he addressed the Justices: "May it please the Court . . ." At first he seemed nervous, even while reading from the brief prepared for him by Solicitor General Archibald Cox and Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall. But as he went on he gained confidence, delivered a firm, finger-jabbing appeal, answered a few gentle questions from the Justices, and concluded his argument in 27 of the 30 minutes that he had been allotted.

Said Bobby afterwards: "I'm happy that's over." As far as the decision was concerned, that was up to the Justices—but there would have been no doubt about the outcome if it had been left up to the jury of Kennedys present.

GEORGIA The Marriage-Go-Round

To twice-married Muriel Marston and twice-married Richard Joshua Reynolds, it appeared that true love had come at last. She was a graduate of the New York Times society desk; he was heir to the Reynolds Tobacco Co. fortune, trying to make do on \$31,672 a week (after taxes). They met at the 1950 Knickerbocker charity ball in Manhattan (she had just divorced Husband No. 2; he was still married to Wife No. 2), were wed in 1952. She fondly called him "Buck Rabbit." He endearingly called her "Doe Rabbit."

The Reynolds settled down to a quiet life in a Manhattan flat, a Palm Beach mansion, an estate near Winston-Salem, N.C., a Monte Carlo apartment, a Tahiti bungalow and a 30-room hideaway on Sapelo Island off the coast of Georgia. Every year, Buck Rabbit gave Doe Rabbit

Less Than Yacht Fare. Although no detective testified to any sort of misbehavior by Muriel, Reynolds sued her for divorce, charging "prior cruelty," which Muriel hotly denied. She presented an affectionate letter from Reynolds to prove that he had not felt himself very cruelly treated. The suit was first heard in McIntosh County, Ga., which includes Sapelo Island, Reynolds' spending habits make for one of McIntosh's biggest industries, and Muriel did not do well before county jurors. They awarded Reynolds, who did not appear in court, his divorce, and allowed Muriel only \$1,042 a month in permanent alimony.

This was hardly yacht fare, and Muriel appealed. The Georgia Supreme Court voided the trial, citing 39 errors, and ordered it held again in McIntosh County. This time Reynolds showed up, wheezing into an oxygen machine. Even more sympathetic, the jury gave Reynolds his di-



REYNOLDS & WIFE No. 3 on SAPELO ISLAND HONEYMOON in 1952
He's married more now but enjoying it less.

\$125,000 in spending money, about \$40,000 worth of jewels—and, presumably, all the Camels, Winstons and Salems she could smoke.

Better Than Jewels. In 1958, Reynolds went even further. He impulsively set up \$6,000,000 in trust funds for Muriel; less impulsively, he made them revocable. For Christmas, he found a gift for the girl who had everything: a brand-new, \$45,000 checking account.

Yet somehow the idyl ended. Reynolds preferred to spend most of his time on Sapelo Island, with its two tennis courts, two swimming pools and its airstrip. There, Muriel's only real companion was Buck Rabbit, whose disposition had been considered none too amiable even before he came down with pulmonary emphysema (a serious lung disease).

Muriel traveled to Europe in 1959. She now insists that she went because her husband told her she needed a rest after months of patiently nursing him; Reynolds claims Muriel was ordered to leave by his doctors, who thought her presence was damaging to his health. When Muriel landed in Paris, she was met by a chauffeur whom Reynolds had provided. The driver turned out to be a private detective who, with his fellow sleuths, cost Reynolds a cool \$56,000.

force again, with no permanent alimony for Muriel.

That was last May. Last week the state supreme court was again hearing an appeal from Muriel. The Reynolds divorce action had already taken up 8,000 pages of testimony, and cost Reynolds alone more than \$750,000 in lawyers' fees.

But to Buck Rabbit, now 54, that was only the half of it. After the first trial, he was cabled by his lawyers that a motion for a new trial had been denied. Reynolds therefore felt free to marry a German girl named Annemarie Schmitt, who was taking a round-the-world cruise with him at the time. But Muriel's lawyers had quickly appealed the denial to the Georgia Supreme Court, leaving Buck and Doe Rabbit still legally wed.

Muriel's lawyers contend that Reynolds is therefore an adulterer, and adulterers cannot sue for divorce in Georgia. Reynolds thought he answered that one at the second trial, when he explained that his marriage to Annemarie had (because of doctor's orders) "never been consummated as a marriage between man and wife." Reynolds had no more to say on the subject last week. He had found some new digs in Switzerland, where he was staying with Annemarie, who might or might not be Wife No. 4.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Shock of Today

[See Cover]

The signs and symbols of prosperity are everywhere in Britain, crowding the past, complicating the present. Along rolling Roman roads and winding country lanes, past sleeping Norman churches and white-washed farms, weekend traffic flows like an invading army. London's raw new office buildings jostle Georgian mansions; a Hilton hotel stares impudently down onto Buckingham Palace. Bowling alleys and dance halls are packed each night of the week. On city rooftops, TV antennas stand as thick as the English archers at Agincourt.

In one decade, the number of cars on the roads has doubled (to 6,000,000), though the entire island boasts only 190 miles of expressway. Most Britons earn twice as much as they did in 1949, and they are gambling and betting their lolly at the stupefying rate of \$3 billion a year. One of London's most exquisite 18th century houses opened recently as an opulent gambling club. In the past two years, bingo palaces and betting shops have mushroomed throughout the country, which some now call "the windfall state." These days, more than 3,500,000 "insular" Britons go abroad each year—mostly to the Continent, where darts and marmalade and tea at 4:30 are now an accepted part of the rites of summer. Britons are better educated and in better health than ever before—and need pay no doctors' bills.

Yet, for all their heady new affluence,

the British today feel disturbed and insecure. Their troubled mood is indefinable but inescapable. It is a sense of unease in which is blended the awareness of national decline, the conscious sense of failure to find new outlets for their energies, a feeling that many of their hallowed institutions and traditions are increasingly irrelevant to a formidably changed world.

Two Rings. The nation's commerce and industry, its education and ethics, were all developed to meet the challenge of global power. Its history books and literature reverberate with the names of soldier-heroes and the battlefields on which they won and held an empire: Omdurman and Lucknow, Quebec, Khartoum, Mafeking. In every corner of their island, statues and street names still celebrate a glory that has passed. "You used to open the atlas," muses a Manchester businessman, "and half the world was red. Now Britain is just a little red speck off the coast of Europe."

Suez cruelly demonstrated to the world that it takes power to be a Power. But even then, Britons could not come to terms with the harsh reality of vanished might. Their feeling of shock today is all the greater because it has been so long delayed. As if by some malevolent design, a whole series of frustrations and failures has beset Britannia in a few short months, deepening the nation's angst. The abrupt U.S. cancellation of the Skybolt missile rudely exposed the fact that Britain's "independent" nuclear deterrent is in fact almost wholly dependent on Washington. There was a time when U.S. Presi-

dents sought Britain's counsel—and even approval—before taking any major initiative in world affairs; in the Cuban crisis, the most perilous of the last few years, the celebrated Jack-Mac telephone rang just twice.

Back on the Dole. Britain's insecurity has been exacerbated by 14 long months of haggling with the Europeans. Swallowing their pride and reversing centuries-old tradition, the British decided in mid-1961 to cross the Channel and make common cause with the Continent. Then last week, just as they were within sight of their goal, Charles de Gaulle of France contemptuously closed the door on perfidious Albion.

Even at home, the storm signals were flying. Once again the lines of unemployed workers are lengthening outside labor exchanges. The half-forgotten word "dole" is back in the language. Britain's overall unemployment rate of 2.6%, though mild by U.S. standards, is at a four-year peak and still rising. Moreover, most of the 600,000 men without jobs are concentrated in a few dozen "black spots" in the north, where in some communities up to 14% of the work force is on the dole (\$13 a week for a married man).

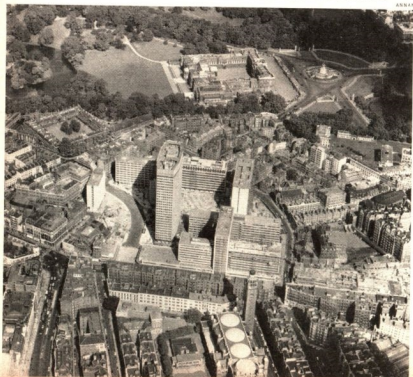
In Merseyside, amid the dingy jungle of slums that surrounds Liverpool, unemployed dock workers pick through garbage tips in hopes of finding salable salvage. Shipyards are working at half capacity; 15 new factories are shuttered. In the northeastern shipbuilding cities of Hartlepool and West Hartlepool, 13.7% of the male work force is idle. The last new ship built there was completed 18 months ago.

In affluent Britain, unemployment is even harder to take than it was in Depression days, when hardship was the rule rather than the exception. "Today," says Joe Dyson, a Hartlepool shipyard plater, "we have been leading different lives, with nice little homes and little luxuries. A man on the dole now has more to lose than he ever owned in the '30s."

Brave New Nothing. It was with grim memories of the Depression, and of the "submerged third" of the population which was chronically undernourished before the war, that the first postwar Labor government engineered the most far-reaching social upheaval since the Industrial Revolution. In today's welfare state—or the "opportunity state," as the Tories prefer to call it—physical and material well-being is shared by all segments of society for the first time in British history, blurring the once rigid frontiers between Disraeli's "two nations" of privileged and poor.

In this "peaceful, humdrum, hell-free, de-Christianized life," as Culture Pundit Sir Kenneth Clark describes it, many Britons feel merely fretful and frustrated. In the euphoric '30s, a new crop of playwrights and novelists, mostly from the

SKYSCRAPERS IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: NEVER SO GOOD AND BAD



grubby lower reaches of provincial life, hammered furiously at the deadening smugness of their society. It was a time when many of their countrymen were groping for a new sense of purpose and national identity. "Nobody thinks, nobody cares," cried Jimmy Porter, the non-hero of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. "There aren't any good, brave causes left. If the big bang does come, and we all get killed off, it'll just be for the Brave New-nothing-very-much-thank-you."

Explosive Exodus. If their polemics sounded curiously off-key in the never-had-it-so-good society, the Young Angries at least helped ventilate British complacency and restore some of the dynamics that had gone out of the welfare state. A later wave of novelists and starkly realistic films bitterly mocked the opportunism and intellectual dishonesty of society as they saw it. Last year, for the first time since Pope and Swift peppered the 18th century Establishment with choleric wit, no-holds-barred political satire found a big, avid audience in theaters, night-clubs and newspaper columns. Even on BBC television, a longtime stronghold of genteel conformity, bright young men fresh from the universities outrageously lampoon such sacred cows as the Church of England, royalty, black African prime ministers and their own Harold Macmillan.

Youth's rebellious mood was measured by a Daily Telegraph Gallup poll, which reported recently that 45% of the under-25 generation would leave Britain if they could. To the government's dismay, 3,300 highly trained scientists and engineers migrated to the U.S. between 1957 and 1961; 250 Ph.D.s, whose training cost the nation \$28,000 each, go each year.

Yawning Gulf. On the other hand, many of Britain's most talented young citizens feel that their country today is the most stimulating environment in the world. Says Author-Critic (*The Uses of Literacy*) Richard Hoggart, 44: "England today is the most exciting country in all Europe. We're facing ourselves, beginning to be honest." Echoes graduate Frost, 24, a recent Cambridge graduate who presides over the BBC's socko satirical television show, *That Was the Week That Was*: "We can be the first nation in history that's both a great nation and a totally honest one. We can stop this morale-boosting nonsense and the terrible underestimation of people's intelligence. It's a great time."

The new generation tackles life with an ardor and audacity that are in bright contrast with the fashionable listlessness that was once seemingly endemic among educated Britons. They laugh easily at themselves and view the world with a wry detachment that is often in striking contrast with the prickly provincialism of their elders. Says Bryan Robertson, 36, one of the most influential art gallery directors in Britain: "The intelligence of the people over the past ten years has vastly outstripped the intelligence being meted out to them by their leaders. They're way, way ahead of the politicians. And there's



UNEMPLOYED LIVERPOOL DOCKERS
In a society developed as a global power.

a yawning gulf between young people and the lingering Edwardian society type."

Induced Euphoria. Xenophobic headlines still erupt with every real or fancied slight from Washington, but many Britons are embarrassed by Fleet Street chauvinism, are eager for firm U.S. leadership of the West. During the furor over Dean Acheson's mild remarks about Britain's uncertain role in the postwar world, Lord Gladwyn—who as Gladwyn Jebb was an able U.N. ambassador in 1950—pointed out: "This is true. But she will never find a role if she merely concentrates on hating everybody at the same time—the Americans, the Europeans, the Russians, the Chinese, even some of the emergent states—clutching as well a ruinously expensive deterrent and trying to create an economic third force out of the ashes of a vanished empire."

This is exactly the reaction of many young Britons each time that their press and politicians explode over some trivial and usually out-of-context quote from the New Frontier. They have few illusions about the value of Britain's nuclear force—"the papier-mâché deterrent," as David Frost calls it. With greater social mobility, their generation has gained an instinctual distrust of the ossified values and superstitions of the old ruling class. They look skeptically on the "induced euphoria of the late '50s," says Social Critic Raymond Williams, and are too knowledgeable to accept the official "fictions and manufactured images" of British life. For despite radical social reforms, to the worldly younger generation, the country is still a long way from being a lively, open-minded, contemporary society.

What is most exhilarating to imaginative Britons today is the feeling that, Jimmy Porter to the contrary, there are good, brave causes left—and that they should be fought.

Bravest challenge of all is root-and-branch reform of the nation's educational system. Its schools, like the civil service and the railways, are a legacy of the Vic-

torian age, designed to fit England's 19th century needs and social patterns. At extensively spartan "public" (i.e., private) schools such as Eton, Winchester and Rugby, young gentlemen receive an intensive liberal education that aims also to inculcate "character," muscle and Christian gentlemanliness. After four years or so, they are expected to go on to Oxford or Cambridge, where they learn more and more about less and less from some of the best minds in Britain. With all its defects, the system provides one of the best-rounded and most civilized educations in the world—for those who can afford it.

The Way to the Top. With the exception of a few famed grammar schools, where the standards are at least as high as Eton's, Britain's state-supported schools are mostly overcrowded, understaffed, badly housed and educationally lackluster. The state schools are short 10,000 teachers; less than half have indoor toilets. The majority of the 7,000,000 state-educated students—including four of every ten in the "top ability group"—drop out at 16. Most state-educated children who continue their studies go on to socially inferior "red-brick" universities (many of which offer better science courses than Oxbridge). Less than 1% of all Britain's students go to Oxford or Cambridge, and the majority of those come either from the public schools or superior grammar schools.

The young Englishman who goes to the right schools is automatically a member of the elite, gets a better chance to inhabit the room at the top in banking, law, politics, the civil service, the church, or any other traditionally upper-class vocation. A public school education is thus an expensive (around \$1,500 a year) form of social security, but so effective that 95% of British parents who earn \$2,800 or more a year save, borrow and scrimp to give their children private schooling.

Critics of the system argue that it perpetuates snobbery and conformity, unjustly penalizes the bright working-class

TEN FOR THE FUTURE



VAIZEY



KEARTON



BOLT



CRICK



BAGRIT

THROUGHOUT its history, Britain has always managed to find the rare men of courage and invention to carry it through crises of war and peace. Today's happy few are not united by politics, class or a common ideology, but share independence of mind, impatience with worn-out formulas, and a dedicated eagerness to shape the future. Some of the pace-makers:

Educator John Vaizey, 33, spent nearly a dozen years in hospitals with osteomyelitis, but managed to reach Cambridge via a scholarship. Currently an economics don at Oxford, he has written five trail-blazing books on education. Vaizey eloquently advocates reform of an educational system that he says "is a reflection of the substantial inequalities of the English class system."

Industrialist Frank Kearton, 51, managing director of Courtaulds, Ltd., has boosted profits 25% in the last six months. Balding, bespectacled Kearton took a First in natural science at Oxford, flies 100,000 miles annually on Courtaulds business (which includes building four textile plants in Russia), and everywhere plugs his credo: "Make fiber cheaper than anyone else in the world, and don't market it until you can. Then you damned well get up, get out and sell, sell, sell."

Playwright Robert Bolt, 38, has scored on the stage with his prize-winning *A Man for All Seasons* and on film with his script for *Lawrence of Arabia*. The son of a small furniture-shop owner, Bolt followed the scholarship route to university, cleaned latrines for the R.A.F., and was a totally unhappy school-teacher before turning to writing. By any definition a concerned man, Bolt has been jailed for his ban-the-bomb convictions and argues, "Much ink, perhaps some blood, will flow before we arrive at a genuinely modern and credible vision of what a human person is. But I think any artist not in some way engaged upon that task might as well pack up and go home."

Scientist Francis Crick, 46, one of four Britons who last December received Nobel prizes for their contributions to medicine and chemistry. Dr. Crick, together with British Colleague Dr. Maurice Wilkins and U.S. Biologist Dr. James Watson, successfully postulated the infinitely complex molecular structure of DNA, which carries the determining genetic code from generation to generation. Tall, worldly and vaguely Edwardian, Crick is an avowed atheist who once resigned a Cambridge fellowship when his college announced plans to build a chapel. ("Why should I support the propagation of an error?") He is a brilliant, nonstop talker, was trained as a crystallographer before switching to biology. Crick's *W'ho's W'ho* biography lists his recreation as: "Conversation, especially with pretty women."

Industrialist Sir Leon Bagrit, 60, believes that automation "is a matter of life and death to this country. It is to the second industrial revolution what the harnessing of power was to the first. Because we were the first in adopting new techniques 150 years ago, we have benefited ever since." Born of Russian-Jewish parents in Kiev, Sir Leon studied at London University, formed his own company in 1935, and since the war has headed the revamped

firm of Elliott-Automation Ltd., which, outside the U.S., is the largest computer manufacturer in the world.

Politician Anthony Crosland, 44, a philosophical socialist who never lets himself be led by party doctrine. An Oxford man and ex-paratrooper, Crosland affects a languid, academic aloofness that enrages the militant left almost as much as his cheerful argument that socialism has no magic technique for speeding up economic growth, and in his equally candid concession that dynamic capitalist nations do not do too badly.

Educator Richard Hoggart, 44, a slum orphan from Leeds who became professor of English at Birmingham University and spent five years on his magnum opus, *The Uses of Literacy*, an influential study of the newspapers, magazines and popular entertainment, and their effect on the nation's culture. Hoggart radiates a deep optimism because he believes that "old habit patterns are breaking down. Many people are trying to find a new identity. From it all might come one day a fusion of the upper-class sense of service with the working-class sense of clan solidarity and friendship. Then you'd really have something fine."

Broadcaster Hugh Carleton Greene, 52, director-general of the BBC, which was long a symbol of all that was sedate, prudish and tradition-centered in British life. Under Greene, the younger brother of Novelist Graham Greene, "Auntie" has become fresher, brighter, more vigorous and broad-minded. Its TV dramas are frank in theme and outspoken in language, and its satiric program, *That Was the Week That Was*, pokes fun at men and institutions in a way that is probably unique in world television. Greene freely credits commercial TV with having been the spur: "It's forced us to be more professional, and I think that now we're more professional than the competition."

Politician Sir Gerald Nabarro, 48, a Tory M.P. who came up the hard way from a London slum, ran away to sea at 14, and moved from laborer in a sawmill to factory manager and, ultimately, managing director of various lumber and engineering companies. In Parliament, Nabarro's deep, rolling voice never hesitates to puncture pride or pomposity. Nabarro couldn't care less about Britain's blue-bloods and oldtime Tory aristocrats. "The policy of 'hiccuping' or Treasury dyspepsia, is disastrous to production," he charged recently. "Boost home demand if you want to boost exports at competitive prices. Tackle vigorously the dreadful burden of taxation to give incentives at every level in order to produce and to sell more abroad."

Novelist Colin MacInnes, 48, writes with superb knowledge and insight about Britain's teen-agers (*Absolute Beginners*) and coloreds (*City of Spades*), as well as on jazz, art and architecture. According to MacInnes, "Class structures are getting all shaken up. Monarchy no longer caps the structure, and people aren't sure what class they're in any more. Our loss of power depresses other people, not me. We've been trying to figure out what we are if we're not a great power, and it's clear that we've got to pull up our socks. It should be an interesting time."



CROSLAND



HOGGART



GREENE



NABARRO



MACINNES

child, and deprives the nation of desperately needed scientists, engineers, teachers and other professionals. While the public schools "did at least train a leadership perfectly fitted to the needs of a growing empire," argues Labor M.P. Anthony Crosland, "they are not equally apt for a mid-20th century world of computers, Communism, trade unions and African nationalism."

Millions for Nylons. Perhaps the greatest single threat to Britain's economic future is that only 4% of young Britons go to a university, vs. 25% in the U.S., 12% in Russia; there are more Negroes receiving higher education in the U.S. than there are students at all of Britain's 23 universities. Yet B. V. Bowden, head of Manchester College of Science and Technology, protested recently that Britain has spent less on education than the government's scientific research department "spent on improvements in the manufacture of nylon stockings." Sir Geoffrey Crowther, onetime editor of the *Economist*, who has headed two commissions that investigated British education, puts its failings more succinctly. He calls it "a formula for decline."

Last week Britain's first national campaign to expand state education was launched in London. Supported by all political parties, trade unions and religious denominations as well as many other influential groups and public figures, it was hailed as the nation's "greatest ecumenical movement in education."

□ Crowther's pet solution for expanding higher education is to start at least two new universities, which would use Oxford and Cambridge buildings during the 240 days of vacation each year when they are not in use.



PRIME MINISTER MACMILLAN
Don't cry; find a new cow.

Once they are aroused, Britons are among the world's most impassioned crusaders. But there is a passive streak in the English character that meekly suffers surly shopkeepers, sleazy architecture, lunatic liquor licensing laws, eternal queues. But only so long. Rising in righteous wrath, 18 TV dealers in Essex last week sued the Eastern Electricity Board for supplying voltage so low that television pictures were shrunken. "Hundreds of customers have complained that we sold them ropy sets," declared Dealer Albert Hall of Hornchurch. "We have reached the end of our tether. By law the electricity should be at least 224½ volts, but I've been to homes where it is as low as 140. This has been going on for years." The Electricity Board did not deny the charge. Allowed one official: "Demand for more electricity builds up rapidly in an open like this. It is difficult to cope."

During the past year there have been other signs that the nation is growing increasingly impatient with many of the flourishing inconveniences and inequities that make life not so good in Britain. Highways are so crowded that by 1980 there will be only 18 inches of main road for every car. (However the government announced last week that it has approved an 80-mile bridge path across the Sussex downs.) The tax system of Britain blatantly favors the gambler, speculator (whose capital gains are exempt) and expense-account swashbuckler.

Of nearly 4,000,000 houses that were built before 1880, 50% have no bathrooms, and at least 300,000 are officially designated as slums. Britain in the next 20 years will have to build a minimum of 300,000 houses a year. The shortage is compounded by a steady influx of office buildings into downtown areas and an exodus of city dwellers to the suburbs, where land grows ever more scarce and costly. Outside London, the government may even be compelled to build new towns in the Green Belts, as Britons call the jealously preserved rural areas around their cities.

One of Britain's most perplexing problems is the lopsided growth of the Southeast, which already has 27% of the island's population and attracted 80% of all the new office buildings that have gone up in the past decade. Though the government offers massive incentives to industries willing to settle in the north, it has had little success. In Birmingham or London, Britons do not have to be told that they never had it so good. The message is in every store window, crowded restaurant and shiny traffic jam.

Nonetheless, Britain's prosperity is poised on a knife edge. In the past decade, its economy has grown only 2½% per



year on average; in 1962 it rose only 1%, whereas in the Common Market even a 4% growth rate is considered disappointing. Since 1950, balance-of-payments crises have brought Britain to the brink of bankruptcy six times. By draconian measures the government succeeded last year in boosting exports 3% for a new \$11 billion postwar record, helping to maintain gold and hard-currency reserves. However, it was only able to achieve stability by cutting back credit and curbing industrial expansion. "Other countries have had their economic miracles," sighs a Manchester journalist. "Britain has had its crises."

Britain needed urgently to expand its markets and broaden its shaky financial base. Once inside Europe, British industry was confident that it could substantially boost exports to the Six. It also anticipated a heavy influx of investment capital from U.S. and other foreign companies eager to have a British foothold in the Common Market. If Britain were finally excluded from Europe, investment would continue to dwindle and Britain might be forced as a result to make drastic cuts in its living standards. Meanwhile, it may either retreat behind high tariff walls or else return to its classic ideal of free trade, possibly in association with the U.S. and European nations outside the market.

This week, as M.P.s flocked back to Westminster from the Christmas recess, unemployment threatened to be an even more explosive issue than the collapse of the Common Market negotiations. The government's best asset in time of crisis has always been the Prime Minister, a political MacHoudini who can slither out of almost any trap by sheer sleight-of-hand. Undisturbed by the country's mounting frustration over unemployment

and housing, Macmillan did not swing into action until last summer, after the Tories had suffered the worst series of by-election reverses inflicted on a British government in 40 years. In his third and most drastic Cabinet reshuffle since he took office, Macmillan purged half his Ministers, handed key posts to some of the brightest young politicians east of the New Frontier.

To ginger up the faltering economy, new Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling cut interest rates, gave generous new tax concessions to industry, slashed purchase taxes on autos and a wide range of consumer goods. To speed

sary to seek a new mandate even earlier.

The Conservatives have been in power for eleven straight years, the longest unbroken innings that any party has enjoyed since the 23-year Tory reign that ended in 1830. Sixteen by-election setbacks for the Tories in the past year have badly dented Macmillan's prestige. Until Hugh Gaitskell's death last week, a Tory defeat in the next elections seemed at least a possibility. Against a demoralized, leaderless Opposition, the Conservative chances are far brighter for the fourth straight electoral victory. Some experts speculate that Harold Macmillan may decide to step down after the election. He

tions that now face Labor—and the nation—are whether 1) Gaitskell's absence will fragment its hard-won unity, and 2) his successor as party leader can project himself as a future Prime Minister.

By unhappy coincidence, the reviving Liberal Party will go into the election with the same slogan as Labor, "Get Britain Moving," which both parties, of course, lifted from the New Frontier. The Liberal Party has already put up 320 candidates (average age: 38), 67% more than it ran in the 1959 general election, and will probably wind up with 400 or more. Liberal Party Leader Jo Grimond, 49, a witty, tireless campaigner, appeals most strongly to middle-class voters, but is sufficiently radical to attract many Labor supporters. Despite the Liberals' bright, humane image, most disgruntled Conservatives who have voted for the party at by-elections will probably return to the Tory fold if the economy has rallied by election time. The Liberals will probably gain only a handful of seats in the Commons (present strength: seven), but they could decide whether the Tories or Laborites win if the election is closely contested.

Under the ceremonious surface of private and public life in Britain, the nation's pulse last week was already beating faster in anticipation of the election campaign. Britons, who look back with distaste on the cynical huckstering that marked the 1959 campaign, sense now that the nation is nearing a historic threshold. Seldom have so many momentous issues converged at one time, or so many established institutions been so sharply challenged. The impending debate will determine the military and economic role that Britain is to play in the world. It will affect the loyalties and pocketbooks of some 728 million Commonwealth citizens. Inevitably, it will either uphold or repudiate the vision of a united Continent, which is still the noblest dream of millions of Europeans and Englishmen.

In the months ahead, Britannia could conceivably even retreat into isolation. Her history, talents and interests suggest, on the contrary, that she will find new worlds to win. "In the past," Arnold Toynbee wrote in *Encounter*, "the English have avoided the awful mistake of crying over spilt milk. They have quickly found and milked new cows. They stopped grieving over their defeat in the Hundred Years' War in the exhilaration of discovering and colonizing a New World. They stopped grieving over the loss of the 13 American colonies in the exhilaration of making the Industrial Revolution and acquiring a new Empire in India."

Since World War II, Toynbee observed, "this simple but effective British philosophy" helped turn the 19th century Empire into the 20th century Commonwealth, and powered a social revolution at home. "Achievements," he concluded, "are wasting assets, and nothing but unremitting hard work can ever renew them. In a world in which Americans, Russians, Chinese and Japanese, as well as Continental Europeans, are all working like beavers, can any nation afford to sit back and rest on its oars?"



HOLIDAY TRAFFIC
How to get it moving has many meanings.

homebuilding and slum clearance—a task that Macmillan himself discharged with distinction in his first Cabinet post in 1951—the Prime Minister brought in Sir Keith Joseph, 45, an astute politician and onetime construction company executive, and gave him the go-ahead for a major public-works program. Geoffrey Rippon, 38, the party's "back-room" housing expert, was assigned to streamline archaic building codes and techniques. Two weeks ago, as unemployment kept rising and support for the government slumped to an alltime low (36% v. 45% for Labor), Macmillan assigned Lord Hailsham, his Minister of Science and former party chairman, to make a crash effort to help the worst depressed areas as Cabinet Minister responsible for the northeast.

The government does not have to call an election for 21 months. It has recently seemed likely, however, that Macmillan would go to the people in the coming fall. By then, politicians figured, Britain would have made her triumphant entry into the Common Market, and the government's pump priming would have thinned the unemployment rolls and reinvigorated the economy. But after last week's dimming of hopes for a prompt entry into Europe, the government may feel it is neces-

sary to seek a new mandate even earlier. The Conservatives have been in power for eleven straight years, the longest unbroken innings that any party has enjoyed since the 23-year Tory reign that ended in 1830. Sixteen by-election setbacks for the Tories in the past year have badly dented Macmillan's prestige. Until Hugh Gaitskell's death last week, a Tory defeat in the next elections seemed at least a possibility. Against a demoralized, leaderless Opposition, the Conservative chances are far brighter for the fourth straight electoral victory. Some experts speculate that Harold Macmillan may decide to step down after the election. He

Though he is too young for most Tory tastes, Chancellor of the Exchequer Maudling, 45, may yet be a contender for Prime Minister if he can perform well in his present job, the toughest in Britain's government. Party Chairman Iain Macleod, 49, who has been in the doldrums the past year, would not be out of the running if he could repeat his brilliant success as top Tory strategist in the 1959 election. Not since Lord Salisbury in 1895 has Britain had a Prime Minister from the House of Lords. However, if the government, as expected, passes a bill permitting peers to sit in the House of Commons (TIME, Dec. 28), Lord Hailsham might emerge as the strongest candidate of all.

After the tragic loss of its leader last week, Labor's chances are an unknown quantity. Gaitskell's death by heart failure after his mysterious virus attack was a crushing blow, for it was only in 1961 that he finally managed to end Labor's strident schisms and present it as a cohesive, contemporary party capable of governing Britain. The agonizing ques-

The Quiet Man

Hugh Gaitskell's death caused a seismic shock in the Labor Party, for he alone was responsible for bringing Labor to the point where it could be seriously reckoned as a potential alternative government. When he succeeded Clement Attlee as opposition leader in 1955, he inherited a party rent by dissension and choked by the dogma and tradition of class warfare. But in his seven years of leadership, he had largely healed Labor's divisive internal lesions, trimmed away many of its stifling old Socialist doctrines, and so successfully imprinted his modern ideas on the party that its philosophy came to be known as Gaitskellism.

Future Discovered. Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell joined the Labor Party from no sense of downtrodden necessity. Son of a British civil servant in India, he was educated at Winchester and Oxford's New College, did not have his smoldering sense of social justice fully kindled until the general strike of 1926. To an aunt who offered to subsidize an army career, he replied: "My future belongs to the working class." After graduation from Oxford, Gaitskell lectured among coal miners in depressed areas, became an economics don at London University. During the war, he joined the civil service as an economist, in the Labor landslide of 1945 was swept into Parliament.

Gaitskell's rise was meteoric. Within two years, he was appointed Minister of Fuel and Power, was responsible for austerity fuel restrictions. Urging fewer baths to conserve coal, he joked: "Personally I've never had a great many hot baths myself. Anyway, what's underneath isn't seen by anybody." In 1950, he replaced ailing Sir Stafford Cripps as Chancellor of the Exchequer and immediately began slashing welfare expenses to pay for Britain's defense commitments. It was a decision which enraged Labor Firebrand Aneurin Bevan, then Minister of Health, and which began a titanic battle for power within the party.

Rather than turn the party over to the rash and mercurial Bevan after Labor's defeat in the 1951 election, Attlee held on to the leadership and watched the developing struggle between ex-Coal Miner Nye and the middle-class, intellectual Gaitskell, who had never lived in a slum or walked in a picket line. With all the passion and eloquence of his proletarian youth, Bevan raged that Gaitskell was a "desiccated calculating machine." No phrasemaker, Gaitskell did not engage Nye in verbal combat, instead coolly and shrewdly lined up the trade union rank and file behind him. When Attlee finally resigned after the Tory victory in the 1955 election, the party chose the quiet man instead of the angry Bevan to be its leader.

Adhesive Quality. It was a torn and tattered party, which was rent even further by the Tories' 1959 landslide. But when his leadership was challenged, Gaitskell met the test. To the ban-the-

bombers, who threatened to take over the party, Gaitskell fumed: "Go tell Mr. Khrushchev to ban his bomb. Go and see what it's like to deal with Soviet tanks and Soviet police like the Hungarian people." Victory over the unilateralists finally made Gaitskell's power absolute, and in the next two years he set out to rally the party behind a unified policy.

He committed Labor to the support of the Atlantic Alliance, weaned the party away from advocacy of further nationalization of industry. Reflecting the deep attachment to the Commonwealth that was a legacy of his childhood in Asia, he opposed Britain's entry into the Common



LABOR'S GAITSKELL
The healer could not be healed.

Market—a stand that united the party under his leadership.

Never completely comfortable with old-line trade unionists, Gaitskell surrounded himself with witty, intellectual advisers. Budgeted by his tiny, vivacious wife Dora, he lived modestly within his \$8,400 salary in a twelve-room house in Hampstead; unpretentiously, he and Dora entertained Tory peers, businessmen and visiting U.S. intellectuals. Inspired by his daughters, Julia, 23, and Cressida, 20, Gaitskell loved to dance and was a fan of Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald.

Gaitskell's death raised the question whether a personality had been more important to the party than a program. For all of Labor's apparent unity, Gaitskell was the adhesive that held the party together. The top contenders for that leadership have no such value: Deputy Labor Leader George Brown is a rightist pro-European, and Harold Wilson, who was the youngest Cabinet minister of the century back in 1947, is mistrusted by his colleagues for overweening ambition. But outwardly, all factions are determined to prevent Labor from disintegrating again into a hodgepodge of bickering factions.

Said George Brown: "Hugh Gaitskell got us to recognize that we were a party fighting for a classless society, and if we wish to achieve it, we have to be a classless party ourselves."

THE ALLIES

The Regal Rejection

No statesman of this century has been more successful than Charles de Gaulle at infuriating his friends and delighting his enemies. Last week *le grand Charles* did it again, throwing the Common Market negotiations into confusion, blackballing Britain's bid for membership, and disdainfully rejecting the U.S. offer of Polaris missiles.

The blow fell just as Britain and the Six were in chummy agreement that a way could after all be readily found to make Britain a full partner in the Common Market. In Brussels, even as De Gaulle was addressing a press conference in Paris, the Common Market's presiding minister, Belgium's Henri Fayat, gracefully welcomed the British delegation to the conference room in the new aluminum and concrete Foreign Ministry building on the Quatre Bras.* With equal good will, Britain's Chief Delegate Edward Heath replied, "I think the time has come for a true reconciliation."

Unusual Customs. It was already too late. As the Six discussed the agenda, runners began trotting into the chamber with bulletins hot from the Telex machines. Paragraph by paragraph, the dismayed delegates followed De Gaulle's lengthy discourse. It became clear that further discussion was pointless.

This time Charles de Gaulle made his meaning crystal-clear. To his jammed audience of some 900 newsmen in the Elysée Palace, De Gaulle said that 1) Britain should be kept out of the Common Market, and 2) France had no interest in the U.S. proposal for a European nuclear force. De Gaulle recalled Britain's refusal to participate in the Common Market when it was abuilding, and charged that London had even tried to destroy the organization by setting up the rival Outer Seven. With obvious relish, De Gaulle explained why he thought Britain was unfit for partnership.

"England," he declared, "is, in effect, insular, maritime, linked by its trade, its markets and its food supply to the most diverse and often most distant countries." Moreover, he added, it "has very pronounced and unusual customs." Shrugged De Gaulle: "How can England be brought in with such a system?"

"This is a fatal day!" cried Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns. In London a melancholy joke went the rounds: "Not since 1066 has a Harold been so badly

* Brussels was the scene of another indignity last week when student pranksters during a blizzard kidnaped the legendary statue of *Mannen-Pis* from its fountain near city hall. When police later recovered it, a Brussels councilor described the indecible statue as the city's "most cherished patrimony."

done in the eye by a Frenchman." To the exasperated British, it all recalled the fairy story of the princess who assigns to an unwelcome suitor a series of seemingly impossible tasks to perform—but when the suitor returns triumphant to claim her hand, the princess says: "Oh, I could never marry a man with red hair." Paris was retelling the joke about De Gaulle's new inferiority complex: "He thinks he's Napoleon."

Behind De Gaulle's regal *non* is the fear that British membership would be used to protect U.S. trading interests in Europe. As one French official puts it, De Gaulle considers the British as "an invading platoon of commandos opening the way for an assault wave of Americans in division strength."

No Cause for Alarm. What De Gaulle fears, of course, is any threat to French hegemony in the Common Market—and that is exactly what frightens other European nations. Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak said that only because Britain "stood alone in 1940 is it possible for us to speak today of a Europe that

Britain might be welcomed in the Common Market in five years or so, *i.e.*, after France has had ample time to weld the political unity of the European Economic Community. Venerable Jean Monnet, the father of the Common Market, took issue with De Gaulle by insisting that Britain should be admitted now because it has already "renounced all preference for the Commonwealth and has agreed to place itself with the Continent." But even Monnet seemed to echo De Gaulle by adding that "we should move toward a unity of action between Europe and America, acting as equal partners."

COMMUNISTS

On with the Showdown

It was a quiet afternoon atCheckpoint Charlie in West Berlin when suddenly a convoy of official cars raced up to the Wall from the Communist sector of the city. Out swarmed dozens of Russian security men around a familiar portly figure decked out in a black astrakhan cap and grey overcoat. It was Nikita Khrushchev

ders of the Soviet zone, declared Khrushchev, no longer made "the conclusion of a peace treaty the same problem as it was before Aug. 13." Everyone applauded enthusiastically—everyone, that is, except the little man in a grey-blue uniform who sat impassively among the delegates to the left of the rostrum. He was Wu Hsiu-chuan, Red China's delegate sent by Peking to register quiet disdain at Khrushchev's conduct in the latest chapter in the Sino-Soviet split.²

Khrushchev did not so much as glance at Wu when, gesticulating, he demanded that the Red Chinese cool their "red-hot tempers," cease sneering at Moscow for its policy of coexistence with the West. Again he repeated his warning that the "imperialists" are no "paper tigers." The U.S., Nikita informed his gasping audience, has 40,000 atomic or nuclear warheads.³ This, he cried, is more than enough. "During the first blow, 700-800 million people would die," cried the Russian Premier. "Dear Comrades, I'll tell you a secret. Our scientists have developed a 100-megaton bomb. If we were to drop



KHRUSHCHEV AT CONGRESS



PEKING'S DELEGATION (CENTER: WU HSIU-CHUAN)
He did nothing to woo Wu.

can integrate itself," West Germany's Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder reassured his conviction that Britain should be admitted to the Common Market. But Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, fearful of offending his old friend De Gaulle on the eve of a visit to Paris this week, suggested that there was no cause for alarm.

Le Monde called De Gaulle's grandiose words "exacerbated nationalism" that "can only engender disorder and lead to isolation." But De Gaulle meant business. Suddenly, France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couvé de Murville rose to demand that the discussions with Britain be ended. "What," he asked the delegates, "is the sense of going on with these negotiations after the press conference of General de Gaulle?" What, indeed? At week's end the delegates gratefully took a scheduled adjournment, agreed to defer a final decision until Jan. 28.

Thus the door was slammed on Britain, but was it finally barred and bolted? De Gaulle is too skillful a tactician ever to be trapped in an absolutely rigid and negative position. Even his acrimonious Paris discourse contained the hint that

all right, and he promptly proceeded to give one of his impromptu theatrical performances. Grinning broadly, he mugged for photographers, gaily waved a pudgy finger at the barbed wire and steel barrier, then ambled over for a chat with a busload of astonished Italian newsmen. Asking for "someone who speaks English" he jovially pumped the hand of the correspondents' guide, a U.S. Air Force colonel, exclaimed, "I wish you all the best in life."

No Urgency. Whether or not most of the world was dismayed by the ugly Wall that divides Berlin, Nikita was clearly delighted with what he saw. Only the day before, in fact, he had sung the Wall's praises in his 2½-hour speech to the big East German Communist Party Congress in East Berlin's Werner Seelenbinder Hall. "At first glance, it may appear as if nothing has changed during the last four years," he pouted to the 2,500 Communist delegates. "Some people think we haven't attained anything."

It was all leading up to another postponement of his dire Berlin threats. The "success" of the Wall in sealing the bor-

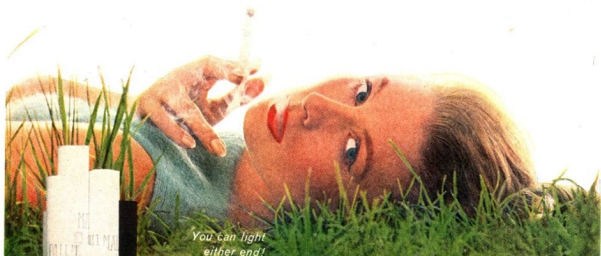
der it on France or West Germany, it would destroy you too. An empire on earth is preferable to a kingdom in heaven."

Angry Outburst. When Wu at last got the floor to reply to Moscow's old master, no one, alas, wanted to listen. At Wu's first snide crack at Moscow for backing revisionist Yugoslavia (whose delegates were attending an Iron Curtain Red congress for the first time since 1948), the place exploded with catcalls, whistles and the rattle of stamping feet. "Differences

† The same Communist troubleshooter who turned up at recent Communist Party congresses in Sofia, Budapest and Prague to raise Red China's lonely voice against the crowd. In 1950, Wu led the Peking delegation to the United Nations and, in a speech studded with memorable invective, stonily rejected the cease-fire plan for Korea.

‡ Probably a low figure. A recent study by the Institute for Defense Analyses (composed of experts from ten leading U.S. universities who advise various Government agencies) estimated that the number of U.S. nuclear weapons, ranging from tactical atomic artillery such as Honest John to nuclear warheads for missiles and bombs, was at least 50,000. Estimated Soviet nuclear-bomb inventory: about 5,000.

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are hard to avoid," Wu yelled above the din, but this sally only brought gales of sarcastic laughter. Finally, after 30 minutes of chaos, the man from Peking retreated to his seat. Needless to say, no one clapped. Nikita Khrushchev was deliberately spared the clamor of the occasion. Delivering his own quiet snub to East China, he had gone off to inspect an Red Berlin television factory before Wu's speech even began.

TOGO

Death at the Gate

For Sylvanus Olympio, 60, President of Togo, the nightmare began shortly after midnight. Disturbed by strange sounds in his comfortable house in the capital city of Lomé, Olympio grabbed a pistol and went to the head of the stairs. There, to his consternation, was a crowd of mutinous soldiers crowding the floor below. Barefoot, clad in shorts and sport shirt, Olympio leaped through a window onto the soft, sandy earth of his garden.

He made it to the U.S. embassy compound next door. In the graveled courtyard, Olympio found a parked Plymouth sedan belonging to the embassy, and crawled in. There, in the early morning sunlight, he was spotted huddled beneath the steering wheel by one of the mutineers. Crying "All right, you have me!", Olympio surrendered and, prodded by rifle butts, was hustled down the driveway, past a mango tree and through the green gate. There he balked. Sergeant Etienne Eyadema, commander of the rebel detachment, later declared: "He could not stay there. There would have been demonstrations. He would not move. I shot him."

At 7 that morning, U.S. Ambassador Leon Poullada drove up to the embassy building, found President Olympio lying in a pool of blood just outside the compound. There were red finger smears on the gate, as if he had struggled to rise. As embassy aides carried the corpse into the courtyard, fat lizards scuttled away across the gravel and lounging Togolese soldiers watched silently from a nearby street corner.

"Blow to Progress." Thus last week died the man who was ruler of a postage-stamp-sized republic (75 by 340 miles) on the sweltering West African coast. Chief architect of Togo's 1960 independence from French control, London-educated Olympio practiced stern austerity at home, rejected demagoguery, and sided openly with the West. President Kennedy, whom Olympio visited in Washington last March, mourned his death as "a blow to the progress of stable government in Africa."

Suspicion immediately focused on Ghana's Strongman Kwame Nkrumah, who has conducted a bitter feud with Olympio over control of the powerful, 700,000-member Ewe (pronounced Ee-vy) tribe, which was split between both countries by European boundary-setters. Twice before, assassins had tried to kill Olympio; each time Ghana's agents were accused. But

this time it was Olympio's own zealous economies that brought disaster.

"Bon, Ça Va." As part of his economic austerity program, Olympio had stubbornly refused to expand Togo's flyspeck army beyond its standing strength of 250 men—exactly one company. This angered both the "army" and the demobilized, hard-eyed Togolese veterans of French colonial wars, who had fought from Indo-China to Algeria but could find no place in their homeland's armed forces. Recently, a tough ex-sergeant, Emmanuel Bodjolle, 35, jobless and with a family to support, organized a conspiracy with 30 other non-coms. Last week, after Olympio tore up a final plea to take into the service at least 60 of the most qualified veterans, Bodjolle snapped: "Bon, Ça va." That midnight his battle-tough insurgents struck, easily occupying the capital.

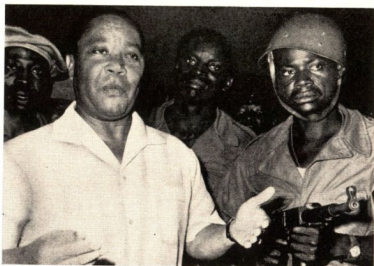
Olympio's successor is Nicolas Gru-

ready to proclaim immediately before the world that Katanga's secession is ended."

The words of the mercurial Moise had a familiar ring, and there were skeptics who suggested the pledge was false. "I'll believe it when I see it," said one diplomat in Elisabethville. "We know the man," shrugged Central Government Premier Cyrille Adoula in Leopoldville. "It is not the first time that Tshombe has declared himself ready to renounce his ambitions to found an independent state."

"Wise Act." But this time Tshombe had little choice. Blue-helmeted U.N. troops controlled nearly all the major rail and population centers of Katanga province, and U.N. Secretary-General U Thant was not backing down on his threat to crush Katanga's wily secessionist.

Up to the last moment, Tshombe wavered. Having fled from Elisabethville "a frightened and dejected man," in the



PREMIER GRUNITZKY & SUPPORTERS
Rule—and then elect.

nitzky, 49, his brother-in-law, who was swept out of office as territorial Premier for the French when Olympio took over five years ago. Grunitzky's first act was to announce that Togo would align itself with the Afro-Malagasy Union, the pro-French association of West Africa states. Then he declared free elections would soon follow. But, as so often happens in such circumstances, he decided it would be best to dissolve Parliament and rule alone until things settled down.

THE CONGO

Tshombe's Twilight

The Katanga struggle seemed over at last. It had been a 2½-year siege that brought the U.N. close to bankruptcy, set the U.S. at odds with its principal European allies and threatened to immerse Central Africa in blood. Now, Katanga's Rebel Moise Tshombe sat wanly behind a desk in a stucco cottage in the copper town of Kolwezi and declared, "I am

words of British and Belgian officials, he turned up last week in Kolwezi, where the last 3,000 of his 20,000-man gendarmerie were holed up. A two-man peace mission composed of Jacques Houdard, Belgium's consul general in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and André Van Roey, director of Katanga's National Bank, followed him there. For 36 desperate hours, the two urged him to yield rather than carry out his threat to blow up the huge dams and copper and cobalt mines operated by the giant Union Minière company in Kolwezi. Finally, convinced that he had no alternative, Tshombe gave in.

Later, apparently to show newsmen what might have happened, he drove them to a minor hydroelectric substation 70 miles outside Kolwezi, aimed a six-pound artillery piece at it and pulled the lanyard. The shot was right on target. The substation, apparently loaded with dynamite, disintegrated while Tshombe guffawed. As a final act of obstreperousness he had Peacemaker Houard thrown out of

Katanga because, as Foreign Minister Evariste Kimba complained, "You have done nothing for us." But Tshombe was beaten nonetheless. Even his old ally, Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, told him he had "acted wisely" in yielding.

Is Everybody Happy? The Central Government promised Moise "a general and complete amnesty" for himself and his followers. With that, Tshombe returned to Elisabethville to work out the procedures of his capitulation with U.N. officials. He found that some of the details had already been taken care of. The blue-and-gold flag of the Central Government now fluttered over the Katangese Defense Ministry. Sixty civil servants and 120 Congolese army officers arrived from Leopoldville to take over Katanga's military remnants and administer postal service, telecommunications, customs and immigration. As resident minister, Leopoldville's top man in Katanga would be slight, sober Joseph Ileo, 40, a moderate who served as interim Premier of the Congo after erratic Patrice Lumumba was deposed in 1960.

The question now was whether Leopoldville's Central Government could keep Katanga under control now that it was won. If the mob violence back in Leo itself was any indication, U.N. troops would have to stay on in Katanga for quite a while. Down Leo's Boulevard Albert stormed 600 students and streeturchins, shouting "Tshombe to the gallows!" At the British embassy, which is considered fair game because of London's friendly policy toward Katanga, the mob battered down the doors, sacked the offices, and tried to pry off a coat of arms because, as one student cried, "It's made of Katanga copper!" After an hour, the U.N.'s Congo Chief Robert Gardiner arrived and scattered the mob. All the while, a jeepload of Adoula's cops sat chuckling near by, making no move to stop the pillage.

SYRIA

Foiled Again

Generally speaking, Syria's soldiers are no great shakes at fighting. But they're a persistent lot when it comes to overthrowing the government at home. No fewer than ten attempted coups have taken place in 13 years. One group of officers has plotted steadily for more than two years. Led by Colonel Abdel Karim Nahlawi, 39, the military malcontents were in on the coup that severed Syria's union with Egypt. Last March, they tried to take over the government, but were packed off as military attachés in Syrian embassies abroad.

Last week the officers were up to their old tricks again. Incensed by a Damascus decree stripping them of their army status, the group arranged a dramatic rendezvous in Turkey, then quietly crossed the frontier and made for their old barracks inside Syria. Greeted joyously by some of their former comrades in arms, Nahlawi's men issued a public demand that their dis-



PRESIDENT KOUSSI
Ah, yes; another plot.

charges be canceled, and that a new general staff to their liking be put in power. To confuse things, the rebellious soldiers insisted on a plebiscite to decide on closer relations with Nasser's Egypt. Otherwise, Nahlawi threatened, troops under his control would march on Damascus.

For President Nazem El-Koussi, it was an old familiar tune. Coolly, he played for time, agreed to "consider" the demands if Nahlawi would negotiate at army headquarters. The talks dragged on for three crisis-filled days. Then, Koussi mobilized his own forces, one night suddenly surrounded the army GHQ with armored cars. Colonel Nahlawi got the point. In another country, he and his men might have been jailed, or even executed for treason. But Koussi, who keeps a prepared resignation in his desk just in case the soldiers should some day win, chose not to push his luck. Escorted aboard an airliner and given \$1,000 apiece to cover their expenses, the rebels were sent back to diplomatic posts—in civvies.

SOUTH ARABIA

And Aden Makes Twelve

With its stupefying temperatures and bleak terrain, Britain's Aden Colony on the southwest fringe of the Arabian Peninsula is one of the world's most unattractive pieces of real estate. But it has its value nonetheless. Between Suez and Singapore, it is the only suitable fueling and victualing station for the British navy, and 8,000 troops of Her Majesty's Middle East Command are stationed on its 75 square miles of overheated rock.

To strengthen the precious little colony against the covetous desires of nearby Yemen, the British since 1959 have been linking neighboring sultanates and emirates in a new Federation of South Arabia. Aden was to join in March, but an outburst of riots sparked by pro-Yemen labor leaders and the emergence of an Egyptian-backed nationalist regime in Yemen itself persuaded Britain to speed things up.

Last week the British made Aden the twelfth member of the Federation, retaining control but vaguely promising eventual independence. Arab nationalists were unhappy. While the Federation's black, yellow, green and blue flag went up over government buildings in place of the Union Jack, anti-federation residents raised mourning flags instead.

TUNISIA

Pals No More

One of the most perishable commodities in the Arab world seems to be gratitude. When Algeria won independence from France after seven years of bloody war, its people were deeply indebted to neighboring Tunisia, whose President Habib Bourguiba, 59, had given shelter to 200,000 Algerian refugees and provided a refuge for the training and equipment of 18,000 Algerian fighting men.

But last week, in a shouting, gesticulating speech in the vast Casbah Square of Tunis, Bourguiba said it was "surprising" to discover that Algeria has "become a residence for criminals and plotters against the government of Tunisia." He seemed mostly upset by the fact that Algeria has refused to extradite one Boubekeur Mustafi, a Tunisian accused of being party to the Christmas assassination plot against Bourguiba (TIME, Jan. 4), for which 13 Tunisians have been condemned to death.

Bourguiba ridiculed 46-year-old Algerian Premier Ahmed ben Bella as "an inexperienced, excited youth," and "a simple-minded peasant," but conceded that "not all members of the Algerian government were involved." In any case, boasted Bourguiba, "we have enough power and strength to face any adversary. I don't intend to keep up hypocritical relations with any government."

At week's end Bourguiba made his displeasure official by summoning home Tunisia's ambassador to Algeria. But there was no break in diplomatic relations, nor any sign that Tunisia's 10,000-man army was preparing to take on Algeria's 120,000 veteran troops.

INDIA

Impasse

Indian and Pakistani delegates met in New Delhi last week to resume negotiations over control of disputed Kashmir province. Two days of discussions failed to break the impasse that appeared at the very first meeting in December. Pakistan repeated its demand for a plebiscite, which would surely bring Kashmir under its control; India insisted that the present cease-fire line, which gives India two-thirds of the province, become, with only minor adjustments, the permanent legal frontier between the two countries. Though neither side would budge, neither wanted to take the blame for breaking off the talks for good. So delegates wearily resigned themselves to a third round of discussions next month in Karachi.

Europe's Spring begins in Britain

Britain's Spring begins in February. That's when the daffodils and geraniums take Winter by surprise. By March, the whole country is a flower garden, and Spring Fever is in the air. The weather will surprise you by its gentle kindness, too. The only signs of Winter are the low, off-season prices.

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THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Welcome Home

Presidential elections in Venezuela are almost a year away, but the campaign drums are already beating wildly for one unannounced candidate: Vice Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, 50, a leftist maverick who bossed the military junta that ruled for ten months after the 1958 ouster of Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez. Openly supported by the Communists, the darkly handsome Larrazábal ran a close race with President Rómulo Betancourt in the elections that followed, and then was sent



LARRAZÁBAL MOBBED IN CARACAS
Cheering, screaming—and pocket picking.

into semi-exile as Venezuela's Ambassador to Chile. Last week Larrazábal returned to Caracas for "a personal visit," and his supporters, many of them far leftists, gave him the full, fanatic Latin American welcome.

At 6:28 p.m., when Larrazábal's Air France 707 arrived, an uncontrollable mob of thousands overflowed the airport chanting "Viva Larrazábal" and "Down with Betancourt." In the crowd was TIME Correspondent Moisés García, who was invited to ride with Larrazábal on the triumphant trip into Caracas. In the crush, Larrazábal's aides pulled García in through a rear window while two Venezuelan National Guardsmen yanked on his legs to keep him out, García was an eyewitness to the enthusiasm.

The car barely edged through the screaming, cheering mob, Larrazábal kept nervously combing his hair and murmuring "My God! My God!" The car's clutch was burning, and the party, García included, had to be transferred to another car for the trip into Caracas, where 3,000 *viva*-shouting greeters waited.

They crowded in on the car, which seemed alive with arms and faces thrust through the windows. The driver tried to inch ahead. A voice shrieked: "Watch out! You're running over somebody!" The driver tried to back up—no use. A woman's legs appeared on the hood, and disappeared as she climbed over the windshield and onto the roof. More people began stomping on the roof, and as it started to cave in, Larrazábal climbed out a window and onto the roof to try to calm the mob. A fat woman in a tight skirt nearly squashed him in a bear hug. Larrazábal frantically leaped down, fled to another car, and finally managed to get away.

With their hero gone, the crowd hurled rocks at the National Guardsmen assigned to keep order. One Guardsman fired his pistol into the air. The mob charged, and the Guardsmen triggered a warning burst from their Tommy-guns. The mob set fire to a bus and charged again. The Guardsmen aimed lower. Three rioters were killed, nine wounded.

At home, Larrazábal received a steady stream of visitors, among them several of Venezuela's top Communists. It had been quite a welcome—except for one small thing. Somewhere along the way, one of his admirers had lifted Larrazábal's wallet, containing \$1,500.

Culture Raid

As a midafternoon crowd of 1,000 Venezuelans browsed among the Picassos and Van Goghs in a Louvre road show entitled "100 Years of French Painting," a pair of automobiles and a panel truck rolled up to Caracas' Museum of Fine Arts. Out jumped eight men and two women armed with pistols and submachine guns. The four National Guardsmen on duty were marched inside at gunpoint; museum officials were herded into a room; telephones were ripped out. In one of the exhibition halls, the gang snatched three of the Louvre's pictures from the wall. A pistol-toting woman shouted: "Do not be afraid! We are from National Liberation!" With that she nervously jerked the trigger, drilling a bystander through the leg. In another hall, a pair of less talkative men held the crowd at bay while they snatched two more of the Louvre's paintings.

A hotheaded band of far leftists out to overturn the moderate government of President Rómulo Betancourt, the National Liberation Armed Forces long ago proved themselves more adept at headline-grabbing sabotage than actual combat. In the five days leading up to last week's art raid, squads of terrorists—presumably National Liberationists—burned out a branch of the U.S. Rubber Co. in the city of Maracaibo, bombed a Shell Oil Co. power substation near oil-rich Lake Maracaibo, and hurled three Molotov cocktails at the Caracas home of a member of the special Council of War that has

tried 100 terrorists for guerrilla activity.

The art heist, as Communist Party Boss Gustavo Machado later explained, "was a political propaganda operation that had repercussions not only nationally, but internationally." National Liberation promised to give back the paintings after they had served their "political purposes," but it did not say when that would be. At week's end, police captured a Communist Party leader identified as one of the art thieves and began questioning him.

He apparently talked. Learning that the paintings were to be moved from one hide-out to another, the cops intercepted a car in the Alta Florida section of Caracas and shot it out with the bandits. Three men, all Communists, were arrested. The paintings were recovered intact: Paul Cezanne's *The Bathers*, a Pablo Picasso still life, Vincent Van Gogh's *Flowers in a Brass Vase*, Georges Braque's *Still Life with Pears* and a Paul Gauguin still life. French embassy officials in Caracas put the value of the masterpieces at something over \$600,000.

CANADA

Storm of Spears

Hard times have fallen on Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and his Conservative Party since last June's election. Though the Canadian economy has staged a remarkable comeback, Diefenbaker and his minority government have remained unpopular. With growing talk of a spring election, the latest Canadian Gallup poll shows Lester Pearson's Liberals with a commanding 47% of those polled, up 10% since June, while Diefenbaker's Conservatives are down to 32%, a new low. The Prime Minister's personal popularity has fallen to the point where 45% had a lower opinion of him than in June; only 12% thought he was doing a better job.

Last week came another blow. Montreal's influential French-language *Le Devoir* picked up a whisper that has been going around for years, reported that Diefenbaker's occasional uncontrollable trembling of the hands could be the result of having Parkinson's disease. At the party's annual convention in Ottawa, Diefenbaker scoffed at the story: "For one who has been described in such touching and dulcet tones by the Liberal Party as being in a state of decrepitude, I want to remind them that we outrun them three times, and we'll outrun them again." Conservatives called the whole thing a vicious Liberal campaign of "malice and malignity" to make the 67-year-old Diefenbaker "the target for a storm of poisoned spears." Some of Diefenbaker's Cabinet ministers flatly denied that the boss suffers from Parkinson's; so did Diefenbaker's physician, Dr. Philip B. Ryland, a Tory M.P.: "He does not have Parkinson's disease. That's a lot of nonsense, and it's cruel."

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WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC '63

PEOPLE

The christening would have made news in any event; the baby was the granddaughter of Benito Mussolini. But it was Gorgeous Godmother **Sophia Loren** who brought the wrath of L'Osservatore Romano down on everyone's heads. Sophia was asked by her sister Maria, wife of Pianist Romano Mussolini, to be godmother to two-week-old Alessandra. Unfortunately, Sophia's spiritual adviser, Jesuit Father Virginio Rotondi, neglected to tell her that in so doing she would be violating Article 2357 of canon law. So long as Italian and church law block Producer Carlo Ponti's divorce from his present



SOPHIA

An unfair godmother?

wife—and his marriage to Sophia—she is living in "public concubinage" in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church, and is thereby unfit for godmotherhood. Sighed Sophia: "It was one of the happiest events of my life. In any case, I am the child's godmother and proud of it."

It was house-hunting time in Chevy Chase, and the property that caught the eye of the prospects was Bonnie Brac, the estate of Washington Department Store Heir Nathaniel H. Luttrell Jr. After negotiations are completed for the landscaped grounds and 17-room fieldstone and brick house, the new neighbor at 6036 Oregon Avenue, N.W., will probably be **Anatoly F. Dobrynin**, 42, Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Reported price for the new embassy: \$550,000.

Landmarks are toppling like dominoes, and the latest to get a foretaste of doom is Montmartre's Moulin Rouge, soon to make way for a supermarket unless senti-

mental Parisians can block its sale. Built in 1889 as a dance hall for Paris' deliciously depraved demimonde, it subsequently became a cabaret, vaudeville house, cinema, and a focal point for "generations" of wide-eyed tourists. Its raffish denizens were immortalized by **Henri Toulouse-Lautrec**, the unhappy dwarf who turned poster drawing into a fine art.

Louisiana's Composer-Governor **Jimmie (You Are My Sunshine) Davis**, 60, and his wife Alvern moved into the costliest governor's mansion in the U.S. Davis was feeling kind of sheepish for having pushed completion of the \$1,000,000 "Taj Mahal of the bayous" at a time when he had a record \$73 million deficit, insisted that all this Greek Revival splendor is just not for him: "So far as I'm concerned, all I need is my bedroom with a rocking chair, a flashlight and coon dog." As for pictures, said Davis, "the only ones I'd want would be a picture of my mother and father and a picture of the Bach Springs leap frog team, and go with that."

Said Burton's adhesive wife **Sybil**:

There's really no reason to quibble.

No matter what Liz says, perforce,

I'm not giving Dick a divorce.

And the news that I am is pure fribble.

Scarcely had Britain's ban-the-bomb Committee of One Hundred been reduced to 99 than it slipped another notch to 98. First **Bertrand Russell**, 90, turtle-necked civil insurgent, resigned as president on the grounds that he had other things to do—things like writing a book about the peacemaker's role he believes he played in the Cuban and Sino-Indian crises, and keeping up his pen-palship with Khrushchev, Chou En-lai and Castro. Then Actress **Vanessa Redgrave**, 25, sidewalk-sitting daughter of Sir Michael Redgrave, resigned by mail. A Committee of One Hundred spokesmen refused to talk about Vanessa's reason for bombing the bans: "I cannot say anything more than that it was a short letter."

"It's such a wonderful friendship that it would be a shame to spoil it with marriage," quoth Actress **Joan Fontaine**, 45, who has lost three former friends that way: Husbands Brian Aherne, William Dozier and Collier Young. Joan pooh-poohed stories that she was about to marry Cartoonist Charles Addams, 51, the Van Gogh of the ghouls. "Marriage is for people who want babies or to live in villages; since we want neither, we're not interested."

Flicking the ash off his filter-tipped American cigarette, Soviet Poet **Evgeny Yevtushenko**, 29, pondered the questions of West German newsmen on a visit to the free side of the Iron Curtain with his wife Galya, who has been translating Salinger into Russian. Spiffily decked out in the latest Russo-Italian style—bottailed blue suit, pointy shoes, argyle socks and a

seal-fur bow tie—the symbol of flaming Soviet youth and the "generation of the thaw," denied that "thaw" is the proper word. "I think the process is actually more like spring, sort of early spring with some cold winds and even occasional frost in between. But, like spring in nature, an inevitable process that needs time."

Q. Do you bet on ball games?

A. I have bet on ball games.

Q. Have you ever bet on a ball game in which you were playing?

A. Yes, I have.

A genial, 245-lb. defensive tackle for the Detroit Lions, **Alex Karras**, 27, was worried about those rumors that pro football players had been "shaving points"



KARRAS

A detector exploder?

and associating with hoodlums. Alex decided to clear the air, and, fortified with indiscretion, taped a TV interview for NBC. The wasure that no pro football player would ever try to fix a game. But, personally, he enjoyed a little wager now and then. Doesn't everybody? Then N.F.L. Commissioner Pete Rozelle pointed out that all player contracts specifically forbid betting on league games. Facing a possible suspension, Karras sobbed that it was all a dreadful mistake. "I've never bet more than a pack of cigarettes or a couple of cigars," he said. A lie-detector test? Sure. "If I lied, the way I'm built, the lie-detector machine would explode."

Ill lay: **T. S. Eliot**, 76, suffering from a bronchial attack brought on by London's recent heavy smog; **Mamie Eisenhower**, 66, with a touch of the flu, in Palm Desert, Calif., where she and Ike are spending the winter; **Harry Truman**, 78, "doing nicely" after an operation for hernia, in Kansas City's Research Hospital.



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THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

TUNE IN PALMER-PLAYER "CHALLENGE GOLF," ABC TELEVISION NETWORK, SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

SCIENCE

AGRONOMY

Exercise for Hams

Back in the years when most Americans were manual workers, they needed lots of fat for muscle fuel. So farmers encouraged their hogs to get as obese as circus fat ladies. But times have changed. Most modern Americans make little muscular effort, and hog fat is high on the list of dietary enemies. Farmers feed their hogs carefully to keep them from producing too much lard, fat back and sowbels.

The ideal figure for modern hogs features large meaty hams. To produce these delicacies, says Dr. Hubert Heitman Jr., professor of animal husbandry at the University of California at Davis, hogs should get ham-building exercise. He tested his theory by building a stand-up feeding trough with a cleated shelf in front on which the hogs could rest their feet. "It's sort of like a person eating off a mantel," he explains.

At first the hogs were outraged. They could eat standing up for only a minute before their ham muscles weakened and let them down. It took several weeks before they were used to the new feeding system and their ham muscles were strong enough to support them. Professor Heitman watched their hungry struggles fondly, noting how their rear ends wiggled as they reached for their food. "I felt," he says, "that I was looking at very much heavier hams."

Tests on butchered stand-up hogs proved the professor right. The amount of ham as a percentage of the carcass increased by 5.6%. More experience will be needed before stand-up feeding can be generally recommended, but Heitman is hopeful. "A 5% betterment in hams," he says, "would be terrific for the industry."



DINNER AT DR. HEITMAN'S
The real hog will please stand up.



POLAROID'S LAND (SEATED) & COLLEAGUES
The improbable came onto the market.

PHOTOCHEMISTRY

Sudden Color Film

It is 14 years since the first Polaroid cameras began developing and printing their own black-and-white snapshots in a matter of seconds. Though photographers have been yearning ever since for someone to produce an equally swift, self-processing color film, most chemists agreed that the job was incredibly difficult. It seemed improbable that it would ever be accomplished.

But the very complexity of the problem was what appealed most to Dr. Edwin H. Land and his colleagues at the Polaroid Corp. in Cambridge, Mass. This week they began to market the improbable. Polacolor, a self-processing color film. Now, just 30 seconds after the snap of a shutter, a surgeon can record a sharp color shot of a delicate operation; an alert military reconnaissance pilot can produce a revealing picture of an enemy operation; a doting parent can turn out a portrait of his child in remarkably accurate tints.

Linked Molecules. The new color film can be used in most Polaroid cameras, but it depends on new chemicals, designed to work with the precision of molecular machines. There are three layers of emulsion containing fine, light-sensitive grains of silver halide. The grains in the top layer are sensitive to blue light; those in the middle are sensitive to green; those in the bottom layer are sensitive to red. When a many-colored picture is focused on the film, the blue, green and red components of the light that has entered the camera form three latent (undeveloped) images on the three layers of silver halide.

Conventional color films work in much the same way. But just below each layer of Polacolor's silver halide is a layer containing strange double molecules synthesized by Polaroid's chemists. The molecules are shaped roughly like dumbbells. Each of them has at one end a submole-

cule of photographic developer. At the other end is a submolecule of brilliantly colored dye. Connecting the dye and developer is a strong chain of carbon atoms.

While the film is dry, the linked molecules remain quiescent, but after the picture is snapped, a pair of rollers in the camera breaks a pod of thick, alkaline liquid and spreads it evenly over the film. The liquid penetrates quickly through the layers, waking the linked molecules to active chemical life. They start moving, and most of them eventually touch a grain of silver halide in the nearest light-sensitive layer. If that grain has been exposed to light, it is ready for action. It grabs the developer end of the molecule, holds it tight, and uses it to turn the silver halide into metallic silver. This develops the images in the three light-sensitive layers, and it also immobilizes the linked molecules that have taken part in the developing process. Only the molecules that have not been captured by exposed grains of silver halide can continue to move through the wetted film.

This is the secret of Polacolor. The three superimposed images—blue, green and red—capture developer molecules with dyes of appropriate color attached to them. In spots on the film that have been exposed to blue light the silver halide grains in the top layer capture and hold all the yellow dye, which lies in the layer just below. Since no red or green light has reached this part of the film, the magenta and cyan dyes in the deeper layers are free to move to the surface. Acting together, they make a spot of blue.*

The same molecular machinery pro-

* The dyes used are subtractive colors, each of which transmits about two-thirds of white light. The yellow transmits the green and red components, blocking blue; magenta transmits red and blue; cyan transmits blue and green. When two of the colors overlap equally, they produce the color that is common to both. Cyan and magenta give blue; cyan and yellow give green; magenta and yellow give red.

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duces the other colors. When green light from foliage forms a latent image on the green-sensitive layer, the magenta dye, which is nearest that layer, is captured. The other dyes, yellow and cyan, are free to go to the surface and become the green leaves in the finished picture. Similarly, yellow and magenta make red. Intermediate colors form at places where the images overlap weakly, allowing fractional amounts of dye to escape. White light in the picture (such as a cottony summer cloud) makes exposed spots on all three layers, capturing all the dyes and leaving the finished picture white. When all three dyes reach the surface, they form spots of black corresponding to parts of the film that have received no light at all.

Tough Picture. When the released dyes reach the surface, they hit a sheet of white paper coated with large, stationary molecules of an acid material. These clutch the dyes as they arrive and form them into a tough, many-colored surface that reproduces the colored image focused by the camera's lens. The picture needs no further treatment. Its blues are sometimes slightly greenish at first, but after a few moments the excess green tint disappears permanently.

Polacolor is not entirely foolproof. For one thing, the user must take some account of temperature, both when snapping a picture and developing it. This is presumably why the new film is first being introduced in Florida; it will not be sold in the north until the weather warms up. With elementary care, though, any amateur should be able to take good pictures with Polacolor.

Among the big users of Polacolor will be industrial and scientific laboratories, which often need to take quick color shots of a fleeting stage in a process or experiment. But of all Polacolor's potential users, it is the military from whom Chemist Land may get his largest orders. The ability to photograph the enemy in color and see the picture almost immediately will be of enormous advantage in many dangerous situations. No enemy of the U.S. is likely to enjoy this advantage for years; in spite of frantic efforts, says Land, the Russians have not yet succeeded in copying even black-and-white Polaroid film.

ASTRONOMY

\$20 Telescope Makes Good

Kaoru Ikeya, 19, of Shizuoka Prefecture, southwest of Tokyo, was chronically broke. A \$28-a-month lathe operator, he gave \$25 of each pay check to his widowed mother. But a little thing like lack of money never kept Kaoru from his normally expensive hobby—amateur astronomy. Somehow he accumulated the cash for parts and materials, and all by himself he built an ambitious telescope.

Patience. Kaoru ground and polished an eight-inch parabolic mirror. He made a tube out of tin plate. The whole instrument cost him only \$20. At first it did not work very well, as is usually the case with home-made telescopes. But Kaoru



AMATEUR IKEYA
Harvard, too, saw the light.

repeatedly took it apart to reduce its faults.

After a year of work, the telescope was good enough to give a clear view of the deep sky. Whenever weather permitted, Kaoru sat up most of the night, getting to know the swarming stars as intimately as he knew the streets of his own town. One recent night, as he scanned the dark sky, he watched the constellations rise with familiar timing above the eastern horizon; then he gradually turned his telescope on the constellation Hydra. There, three degrees southwest of star Pi, he caught a glimpse of a faint misty object. He did not remember seeing it before. He focused his telescope with extra care and looked again. The misty object was still there. With growing excitement he checked his sky maps. They showed nothing at the location of the misty object.

Next night he was back at his telescope, scanning the same area. The misty object was still there. In the morning, he sent an urgent telegram to Tokyo Astronomical Observatory, reporting his find. Next day, the observatory spotted the object, declared it a new comet, named it after its discoverer and informed European astronomical authorities. Word went out to the Harvard College Observatory. Western Hemisphere clearinghouse for astronomical information, which also found the new comet and published its position. Soon telescopes in both hemispheres were combing Hydra for Comet Ikeya.

The brightness of the new comet is 250 times dimmer than the dimmest object visible to the naked human eye. It has no tail, no central nucleus, and it is probably receding from the earth. But in the history of astronomy, it has a singular distinction: it was found by a 19-year-old lathe operator, chief support of a fatherless family, who made his own telescope for \$20.

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SPORT

How Do You Stop Him?

He stood there, just to the right of the basket, a placid, 7-ft., 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. giant, watching impassively as his teammates maneuvered the ball in backcourt. The New York Knickerbockers tried to box him in; they clutched at his jersey, leaned against his chest, stepped on his toes. Then Wilt Chamberlain came alive. With the aplomb of a cop palming an apple, he reached out one massive hand and plucked the basketball out of the air. Spinning violently, he ripped clear of the elbowing surge, took a step toward the basket and jumped. For an instant, he seemed suspended in mid-air, his head on a level with the 10-ft.-high basket. Slowly, gently, the ball dribbled off his fingertips, through the net, and the San Francisco Warriors went on to a 142-134 victory. New York Coach Ed Donovan sadly shook his head. "He's phenomenal," he sighed. "How does anyone stop Wilt Chamberlain?"

"A Sort of Anticipation." Nobody does. At 26, Chamberlain is the best basketball player who ever lived. Alone, Chamberlain cannot make his team a consistent winner—last week the Warriors trailed the first-place Los Angeles Lakers by 17 games—but he gives San Francisco fans plenty to crow about. In 1960, his first season as a pro, he was named the National Basketball Association's Rookie of the Year and its Most Valuable Player as well. Nobody ever did that before. Nobody ever averaged 42 points a game

throughout a pro career either, or scored 100 in a single night. And nobody comes near matching Wilt's all-time season records for minutes played (3,882), points scored (4,029) and rebounds (2,149)—records that Chamberlain himself breaks almost every year. The N.B.A. record book lists 86 players who have scored more than 50 points in one game, and 57 of them are named Wilt Chamberlain. "Wilt has that something that separates the great from the near great," says the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell, Chamberlain's good friend and bitterest rival. "It's a sort of anticipation. You never know what he's going to do, but you know it's going to be out of the ordinary. The important thing about him is his originality. Nobody ever played basketball the way Wilt Chamberlain does."

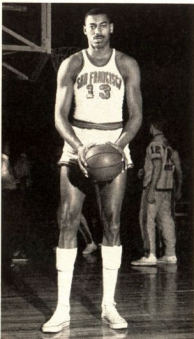
Most basketball stars have one great talent: Russell's is defense, Elgin Baylor's is shooting, Bob Cousy's is setting up plays and passing. Chamberlain does almost everything, better than anyone else. He is the pros' fiercest rebounder, and his shooting repertory includes such inimitable specialties as the "Dipper Dunk" (in which he simply stretches up and lays the ball in the basket), the "Stuff Shot" (in which he jumps up and rams the ball through the net from above), and the "Fadeaway Jump"—a delicate, marvelously coordinated push shot from 15 ft. away that defensive men literally cannot block without fouling. At the free-throw line, where he is most uncomfortable—and most criticized—Chamberlain does a journeyman's job. He holds the all-time league record for foul shots in one season (835), once sank 28 out of 32 in a regulation-length game. The only man who ever beat that is Boston's Cousy—and he needed four overtime periods to hit 30. "Wilt has backcourt set shots too," says Warrior Coach Bob Feerick. "But he just shoots them now and then to show he can."

Watch Him Walk. The son of a 5-ft., 8-in. handyman in Philadelphia, Chamberlain started drawing attention when he was 15 and playing junior-high ball. He was already 6-ft., 10-in. tall and towered over the other kids like a giraffe. But at first he yearned to be a track, not a basketball star. In high school, he could high-jump 6 ft. 4 in., and put the shot 45 ft. "I gave up track," he says simply, "because there wasn't any money in it." Concentrating on basketball at Philadelphia's Overbrook High School, Chamberlain averaged 36.3 points a game over a three-year span, spent his summers at a resort in New York's Catskill Mountains playing with college stars on a team coached by the Boston Celtics' Red Auerbach. Most overgrown teen-agers seem to have two left feet. Auerbach recalls being startled by Chamberlain's remarkable poise and his lynx-like grace on a basketball court. "The first time I saw Chamberlain," he says, "I just stood and watched

him walk. Just watched him walk. It was incredible."

College coaches watched him lope the length of a court in what seemed like five or six giant strides, and some 200 schools eagerly sought Wilt's services—for pay, of course. He was promised room, board, tuition, a car, plane rides home to Philadelphia and \$60 a week "pocket money" to go to the University of Dayton, but Chamberlain decided on Kansas, partly because Coach Forrest ("Phog") Allen was the only recruiter who suggested that he could get an education at college too. In his sophomore year, Chamberlain led the Kansas Jayhawkers to the N.C.A.A. finals. Then he quit school, toured the world with the Harlem Globetrotters, and signed on with the Warriors.

Good, Clean & Green. For playing as nobody else does, Wilt Chamberlain gets paid more than anybody else (about \$65,000 a year), and he spends it carefully, on himself. Unlike many Negro champions, he does not champion Negro causes. "The best way to help integration," he says, "is to live a good, clean life"—and Wilt Chamberlain's life has the good, clean smell of new money. He owns a swinging Harlem nightclub named Small's Paradise, a summer basketball camp in upstate New York, real estate in Philadelphia, a bulging portfolio of mutual funds, and a 38-apartment development in Los Angeles that he calls "Villa Chamberlain." He sports a sparkling three-carat diamond ring on his left pinky, lives in



CHAMBERLAIN AT WORK
He can't hide...



AT PLAY (WITH BENTLEY)
... behind dark glasses.

a comfortable five-room apartment, and rides around San Francisco in a \$24,000 Bentley. "I love business," he says. "I love it! Love it! Love it! You have to love something to be successful at it. And if I continue to be this successful, I'll be a millionaire."

There are times, though, when Chamberlain wishes he were a little less successful—and a lot less tall. A 7-ft. man walking down the street is the kind of oddity that children point at and drunks snarl at; he has been asked "How's the weather up there?" in a dozen languages, and people have been calling him "freak" to his face all his life. He even sticks out, drawing all eyes, on a court full of huge men. Says his friend Bill Russell: "Wilt is not only very famous; he's very obvious. He has a special problem. Mickey Mantle, or Roger Maris, or even Willie Mays, can walk into a room and leave it, and maybe nobody will notice them. Wilt can't."

At first Chamberlain would not admit that he really was 7 ft. tall (he used to claim that he was 6 ft. 11½ in.), and even today he is wary and withdrawn with all but his closest friends. "It's not that I don't trust people," he says, "I do trust people—but it's impossible for me to hide. I can't just put on dark glasses. The only way I could get any privacy would be to cut off my legs."

55-Foot Basket

"In sports," says Captain Bob Starnes of the University of Illinois' basketball team, "it only takes one shot or one play to make you a hero or a bum." Starnes should know. Last week, when the No. 3-ranked Illini took the floor against home-state rival Northwestern, they were solid favorites on the strength of eleven victories, only one loss (to Notre Dame, 90-88). On its sorry record (three wins, eight losses), Northwestern did not belong on the same floor. But by half time, relying on a collapsing zone defense that stalled Illinois' fast break, Northwestern had a 34-28 lead.

In the second half, Illinois slowly came on to close the gap. With only 13 seconds left, the two teams were deadlocked, 76-76. Under its own basket, Illinois put the ball in play. The pass went to Starnes, who dribbled across the free-throw line, leaped into the air and—as if putting the shot—threw the ball blindly toward the Northwestern basket 55 ft. away. Starnes looked quickly at the clock; it showed 1 sec. left in the game. The final buzzer sounded, and Starnes glanced back toward the basket. At that instant—*swish!*—the ball dropped through the net. Players stood rooted to the floor in astonishment. The 7,200 spectators at Northwestern's McGaw Hall sat in stunned silence for several seconds. Then—bedlam. Starnes's delicious teammates hoisted him onto their shoulders, paraded him to the locker room. "It's like getting beat by a wild pitch," groaned Northwestern's anguished Coach Bill Rohr. "I was standing directly in line with the flight of the ball—and, believe it or not, that shot actually curved into the basket."



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CINEMA

Early Bergman

Night Is My Future. It isn't actually plagiarism. It's just that love's young dream, the way romantic young men like to dream it, often as not has more or less the same silly plot as *Jane Eyre*. This time the romantic young man is Ingmar Bergman, and the dream is dreamed in a movie he made in 1947—in parts the most puerile, as a whole the most heart-warming picture so far sent to the U.S. by the saturnine Swede.

Like the heroine of Charlotte Brontë's novel, Bergman's heroine is a shy young servant (Mai Zetterling) who falls in love with her master (Birger Malmsten). Like the hero of the novel, the master is an arrogant and atrabilious young bourgeois who hammers moodily on a grand piano and one day is stricken blind. Bitter in his affliction, he scorns her love. "Dare I aspire," he sneers, "to marry the housemaid?" Hurt to the heart, she leaves, and he is left to suffer at life's hands what she has suffered at his, to take the fall that pride traditionally portends.

Rejected by the conservative where he hoped to study, he is forced to work at a low job tickling the ivories in a busy beanery. The servant rises as the master falls: she goes to college and prepares to be a teacher. When they meet again, he is forced to swallow his pride and dissemble his heartburn. With humble irony he asks himself: "Dare a poor blind honky-tonk pianist aspire to marry a beautiful college girl?"

A sentimental question deserves a sentimental answer, but it was really necessary to play both the *Moonlight Sonata* and *Here Comes the Bride* in the same movie? At 29, Bergman obviously thought so. But the film has flair as well as faults. The story is told with grace and good surprises; the camera is aimed unerringly at the point where the story is growing; and the actors are used in the inimitable Bergman manner—as windows not so much seen as seen through, as ways of entering a reality that lies within them and beyond them. In Mai Zetterling, for instance, Bergman sees warm flesh and hot blood, but he also sees through body into being, into the luminous soul of a woman in love.

The Bergman who made this movie still had akaviv in his veins. Intellect, that glittering and treacherous Snow Queen, had not yet struck her icy sliver into his heart.

Gee Whiz & Genesis

Sodom and Gomorrah. Salt was the wealth of the "cities of the plain," and salty was their reputation. "God gave them up," St. Paul says, "unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against

nature: And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust one toward another." To a moviemaker, the subject presents certain problems of visualization. But Producer Goffredo Lombardo, one of Italy's mightiest cinemagnates, is no man to be daunted by difficulties. De Luxe Color, cast of thousands, budget of \$5,000,000—he spared no effort in *Sodom and Gomorrah*, and in consequence his supercolossus stands as a milestone in the history of cinema. It is the first motion



WALTER GRAD

ZETTERLING IN "NIGHT"
Not so much seen as seen through.



GRANGER & WIFE IN "SODOM"
Not a Lot to remember.

picture that ever tried to tell the story of sodomy to the kiddies.

Only the kiddies, in any case, are likely to sit through this bushwa. *Sodom* is presented as a mighty metropolis, the New York of the Negev; actually, it was more like the Atlantic City of the Dead Sea, a boom town that got brimstoned about 1900 B.C. And the Bible story, as Producer Lombardo tells it, has plenty of gee whiz but very little *Genesis*. Lot (Stewart Granger) is shown as an athletic saint who spends most of his time improbably clobbering swordsmen with a shepherd's crook. His wife (Pier Angeli) is shown as a scarlet woman of Sodom who looks back at the destruction of her home town and is turned to—now if that's a pillar of salt the Venus de Milo is Mother Machree. And the big blast in

the last reel is a low-cost holocaust, obviously done in miniature, that practically constitutes an insult to Jehovah.

As for the treatment of Sodom's sins, customers could probably see more sex in the back row balcony than is shown on the screen. Now and then a girl stares fixedly at another girl—but women are forever looking at each other's clothes. Once the handsome villain (Stanley Baker), trying hard to look immoral, nibbles on his sister's finger—but he just looks like a guy who likes to bite other people's nails. Stewart Granger looks a Lot too English, but at least he doesn't have to pronounce the picture's most ludicrous line. "Greetings!" cries the Queen of Sodom (Anouk Aimée) to her victorious troops. "Greetings, Hebrews and Sodomites!"

Caution: customers who walk out before the finish of this picture should be careful not to look back at the screen.

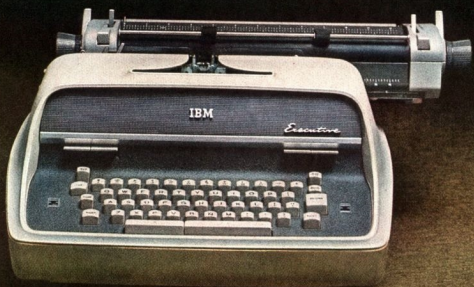
Gentlemen of Japan

The Bad Sleep Well. The bribe is a dominant fact of business life in Japan, and the fiscal scandal is a frequent feature of the public prints. To this situation Akira Kurosawa, a superb director with a burning concern for social problems (*Ikiru*), addresses himself in this angry, ironic, sometimes unfair but always violently exciting study of corruption in high places. His story is circumstantial, but his theme is universal: turn the rascals out!

A scandal breaks. The subsidiaries of a construction trust are accused of rigging bids on government contracts. Secret kickbacks are suspected; elected officials may be involved. The press takes up the hue and cry, and the police grill two officials of the companies interested. They refuse to talk. Released, one of them commits suicide, and the other disappears and is presumed dead. But he is dangerously alive: a bomb in the hands of an almost insanely angry young man (Toshiro Mifune) who has sworn to avenge the murder of his father by the corporation. By a ruthless ruse—he has married the boss's daughter—the young man has placed himself

inside the enemy's defenses. Can he get revenge before the corporation strikes?

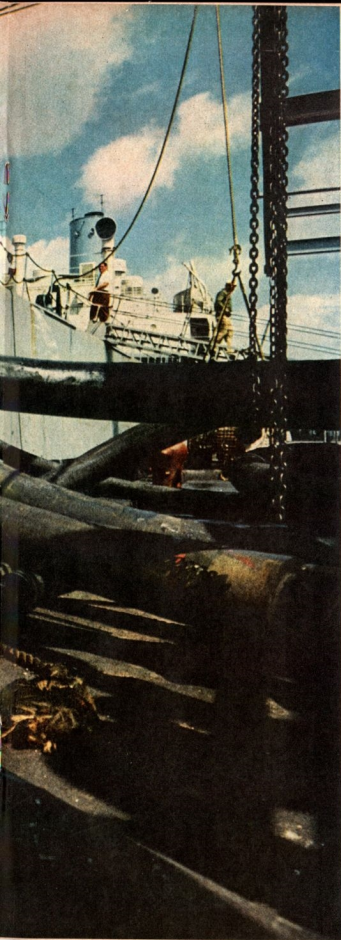
The suspense is terrific, but Kurosawa generates more than suspense. In his big boss (Masayuki Mori) he develops a masterly portrait of the power complex, and in scene after scene he examines with incinerating irony a way of life in which profits come first and people last. Occasionally the actors, trained to the grand grimace in the Japanese theatrical tradition, seem all set to twirl their mustaches and scream: "How now, me proud beauty!" But within his conventions Kurosawa is a realist, and when he does a caricature he does it in acid. *The Bad Sleep Well* is not quite so strong as his strongest pictures, but it has the vulgar energy, the cutting relevance, the mortal moral seriousness of first-rate journalism.



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■ *Report to business
from B.F. Goodrich*





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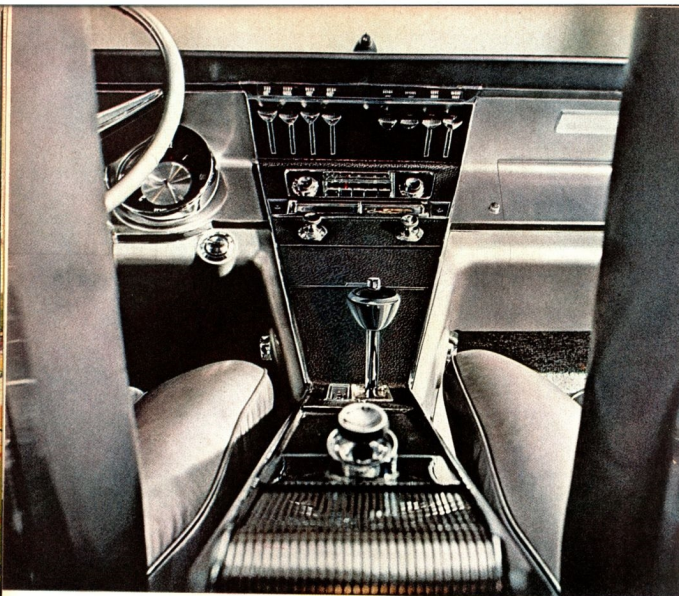
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MEDICINE

NEUROLOGY

Seeing Fingertips

Soviet Psychiatrist Isaac Goldberg could well understand his colleagues' doubts, but he insisted that he really did have an epileptic patient who could read ordinary print with her fingertips. To prove it, he had Rosa Kuleshova, 22, admitted to the Sverdlov Clinic for Nervous Disorders. There before a skeptical



PATIENT KULESHOVA & DR. GOLDBERG
Through a glass, darkly.

audience, Dr. Goldberg blindfolded Rosa and had the blindfold checked. Then Rosa opened a book at random, passed the fingertips of her right hand lightly over the page, and fluently read the text aloud. She did the same with a newspaper. Handed a snapshot, Rosa stroked the surface and said: "What a cute little girl with a ribbon in her hair and her face tilted upward!"

Several members of Rosa's family, in the Urals town of Nizhni Tagil (pop. 338,000) were blind, Dr. Goldberg explained. Rosa herself learned to read Braille as well as the printed word, and made no sharp distinction in her mind between the two kinds of reading. Her senses of touch and sight had become practically interchangeable. Had Rosa developed her Braille touch so highly that she could feel the shapes of characters in letterpress printing? With a sheet of glass over a printed page, Rosa could no longer read fine print, but she could still make out headline type in strong light.

Rosa can also "feel" colors. White, she says, is smooth; red is coarse-grained; and blue is wavy. Again determined to rule out a reaction to textures, the neurologists tested her with colored light. They shone a red light on a light green book, making it look blue. Rosa called it blue. When the red light was switched off, and the green looked green again, the blindfolded Rosa expressed astonishment that the book could change color.

Though Rosa's brain-wave pattern changes when she is reading with her fingers, neurologists have not yet been able to find any connection between her strange faculty and her epilepsy. The Russian experts can only assume that Rosa Kuleshova has in her fingertips a network of fine nerve endings that are sensitive to light.

THERAPEUTICS

Antibiotics in Surgery

Because World War II soldiers suffered fewer serious wound infections if they got prompt penicillin treatment, surgeons got the idea that patients could be protected against infections if they were given a hefty dose of antibiotics at the time of operation. Not so, says Scottish-trained Surgeon Frederick R. C. Johnstone. Far from giving added protection, this prophylactic use of antibiotics introduces extra hazards in the vast majority of civilian cases.

For 2½ years, Dr. Johnstone kept detailed records of every dose of antibiotics given to patients in a test ward in Vancouver General Hospital. University surgeons did the operations and prescribed what they thought best. Of 1,020 patients whose wounds were not infected to begin with, 491 got prophylactic antibiotics, while 619 got none. In *Surgery, Gynecology & Obstetrics*, Dr. Johnstone reports the astonishing result: among those who got the antibiotics, 25% developed infections—almost three times the rate for the other patients. There were four times as many infections caused by staphylococci. Those World War II battlefield germs, notes Dr. Johnstone, were far easier to kill.

Dr. Johnstone concludes that only in special cases, such as surgery of the bowel, where microbes are an immediate threat, should antibiotics be given prophylactically, and then only for a short time. In other cases, he believes, antibiotics kill off the weaker germs and leave the field wide open for the more dangerous bacilli to multiply.

How to Use a Needle

The doctor or nurse who tries to spare a patient pain by giving an intramuscular injection as fast as possible is making a mistake. The results of a quick stab with a hypodermic needle, says Ohio Pathologist Daniel J. Hanson, may be worse than the condition that the injection is supposed to cure.

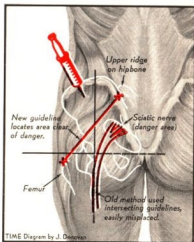
Nobody knows how many patients suffer severe reactions to injections, but Dr. Hanson is sure that there are many more than doctors report. He is not concerned with simple soreness, but with abscesses and cysts, severe scarring, lingering pain, injection directly into an artery, bone inflammation, and—most serious of all—damage to a major nerve, with consequent paralysis. One trouble, says Dr. Hanson in the magazine *GP*, published by the

American Academy of General Practice, is that doctors and nurses are not given sufficient training in how and where to use the needle. And the importance of a safe technique has grown with the popularity of injections of all kinds. It is not unusual, Dr. Hanson notes, for a patient to get from six to twelve injections in a single day after an operation.

Traditional Trick. From studying patients' sores and where they got them, Dr. Hanson is convinced that, with rare exceptions, the upper arm is not the proper place for adults' injections. The muscle bed there is not big enough, he says, and a slight slip of the needle is enough to drive it into the radial nerve, where it may cause paralysis of the arm.

By far the best spot for the needle, according to Dr. Hanson, is the gluteal muscle in the buttock. This, he insists, is not to be confused with the whole buttock, which has a lot of fatty tissue lower down. Doctors have a traditional trick for picking the place for the needle. They draw two imaginary lines, one vertical and one horizontal, on the buttock (see diagram) and make the injection into the upper, outer quadrant. But this is risky, says Dr. Hanson, because people are not all built alike, and if the needle goes in a little too close to the mid-line of the body, it may hit the sciatic nerve.

Squirming Target. The best way for the doctor to find the safe region, says Dr. Hanson, is to draw an imaginary



diagonal line from a ridge on top of the hipbone to the top of the thighbone. Then he aims above and outside this line. This sort of careful placement rules out the fast injection. It also rules out the common practice of having a woman patient lean over a table and pull up her underclothes with one hand: that way, she exposes only the lower part of the buttock, where an injection may be dangerous.

There is one main exception to his general rule, Dr. Hanson admits. Infants have only small gluteal muscles, and because of their squirming he thinks it is safer to give them injections in the front or outer side of the thigh.

Isn't it time we had a one-class service on big jet aircraft?

There are many of us at United who have been in air transportation since its inception. We saw it introduce a standard of personal service that was unique in industry. But now we question whether a concept of transporting masses—rather than individuals—is not threatening to take over and blot out the human aspects of this business.

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Moreover, because the coach section takes the larger part of the plane, most of the people aboard are unavoidably given the feeling they are second class citizens.

A Confusion of Fares and Services

In an attempt to provide some sort of compromise, the airlines have lately been

introducing even *more* classes. There are now first class fares and "economy first class" fares; coach fares and "economy coach" fares; and lots more—each with its type of service.

The net result is a jumble that not only confuses the public, but also increases many handling costs. For example, the extra work, supplies and equipment required by multi-fares and multi-services cost United nearly \$5,000,000 annually.

How much better it would be to provide an improved, yet simplified, service that offers greater value to the passenger and at the same time reduces airline costs. This is exactly what we propose to do.

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Beginning on March 10th, United will provide one-class jet service between San Francisco and Chicago, and Chicago and Cleveland. Shortly thereafter, we will introduce one-class service between Cleveland and Newark, and San Francisco and Seattle.

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A Better Value for More People

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Fares mentioned above do not include tax.

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Reservations will be accepted now but no tickets will be sold before approval by the CAB.

It has always been our practice to stay close to those who fly with us, to talk with thousands of travelers everywhere, and to suit our service to their needs. If you have occasion to use any of these flights, we will welcome your comments. Or if you have an opinion now, we would very much like to hear from you.

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THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

THE PRESS

From All Directions

To the trigger-happy marksmen of the U.S. newspaper columns and editorial pages, a U.S. President is never more vulnerable than when he addresses the nation at large. Last week John F. Kennedy boldly stood twice in the bull's-eye, first when he delivered his State of the Union message and again when he made the biggest budget request in U.S. history (see THE NATION). Both times the President got it from all directions.

The State of the Union message did evoke a scattered volley of praise, but even that was not so much for what Kennedy said but for how he said it. "From his first sentence," gushed Columnist Doris Fleeson, "the President showed the new maturity and confidence bred by two hard years. The sophomore buoyancy of the early days has disappeared." The pro-Democratic Washington Post went even farther. "Unexceptionable, unanswerable and irrefutable," it said of Kennedy's call for tax reduction and reform.

Motley Assortment. These sentiments were drowned, however, by a thunder of skepticism, indignation and wrath. Predictably, conservative Columnist David Lawrence dropped a blanket indictment. Even the address's title, State of the Union, was inaccurate, Lawrence said: "Mr. Kennedy omitted reference to some of the most important subjects confronting America today, particularly how the national economy shall be saved from disintegrating due to the monopoly power being exercised by a bloc of labor unions." The Chicago Tribune declared that the President's economic proposals came "straight out of the dream book."

The Wall Street Journal rose to the bait: "Tax cutting is not at all the surest and soundest way to a balanced budget; that way is to reduce spending. Too bad the President didn't end his speech about a third of the way through—when he was way ahead with his attractive tax-cut proposals. Instead, he apparently thought it was necessary to tack on a motley assortment of recommendations adding up to a 'domestic program.'"

Where the strikebound New York Times still appeared, the paper admitted that Kennedy made "exhilarating" listening. But the Times was not exhilarated: "There is some danger that the euphoria thus generated may tend to eclipse the harsher side of reality." Kennedy's rosy picture of things, concluded the Times, was "too good to be quite true." The Providence Journal challenged his logic: "How a President facing such a big deficit can stand before Congress advocating more spending and lower taxes and call his program 'fiscally responsible' is more than we can understand."

© Its West Coast and European editions are still publishing. And, for the strike's duration, the Times's News Service is transmitting the paper's lead editorial daily to 60 client newspapers in the U.S.



© 1963, MADISON—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES
"CALORIES DON'T REALLY COUNT"

A Horror. Harsh as these appraisals were, they sounded like popguns in comparison to the detonations that greeted his end-of-the-week budget message. New York Times Columnist Arthur Krock all but kissed the U.S. goodbye. "Item by item," wrote Krock, "the budget reflects the weird and incessantly disproved economic theory that government can bestow all these material benefits without a grim reckoning at any time in the future. It is the death of a viable economy that is risked by the items which pile on the billions." Predicted the Omaha World-Herald: "If his proposed budget is adopted, America may get to the moon but it is likely to be several light years away from solvency."

The Wall Street Journal returned to the firing line: "Perhaps the real meaning of the President's budget is that its enormous figures are all but meaningless. The figures might as well be picked out of the air, and in large measure they have been." Even the Washington Post flip-flopped into hostility: "While budgetary deficits are regarded with increasing tolerance, in-



A.P.'s McKelway & Miller
O.K., as in Okemah.

creases in Government expenditures are viewed with unabated abhorrence." In Philadelphia, the Inquirer felt deep concern: "This country is venturing onto very shaky ground." In Detroit, the Free Press said starkly: "This budget is a horror. It opens the door to disaster."

No Motion

"They're not ready to negotiate, and until they are, there's not much to talk about. So you say something, and they say no. Then you wait for the mediator to tell you to go home."

The words were spoken by Bertram A. Powers, president of the International Typographical Union Local 6, which by striking four Manhattan dailies last December incited into silence all seven of the city's papers and two on Long Island. But the sentiment might just as well have come from the mouth of Amory H. Bradford, the publishers' chief representative.

Although it was true that the opposing sides have met 17 times, it was equally true that neither has made a significant move toward settlement. In recent sessions, the publishers and the printers shifted positions slightly, but only by inches in a dispute that called for seven-league strides. The printers dropped their demand for an extra week's paid vacation—something that Bert Powers had not expected to get anyway. The publishers withdrew their resistance to "bogus"—a printers' make-work practice of unnecessarily resetting some advertising type.

But Powers and Bradford were not really bargaining at all. "Management has made its final offer," said one of Bradford's aides. This could mean that Powers has already lost the strike that he began. But, perhaps encouraged by a pan-union demonstration of solidarity at the New York Times Building, Powers went right on acting like a man who feels victory in his grasp.

In Cleveland, where strikebound papers have been shut down one week longer than they have in New York, the situation was no better.

Up from the Ranks

"Here is a man that the Associated Press should have," wrote the A.P.'s Oklahoma City bureau chief in 1931, as he recommended the hiring of a young reporter from the Okemah, Okla., Daily Leader. The A.P. accepted the advice, took 25-year-old Paul Miller aboard as a rewrite man. It proved a wise choice. Last week, at 56, Paul Miller became the A.P.'s new president—and the first one in the wire service's history to come up through the ranks.

Miller's career in journalism embraces a separate success. In 1947, then the A.P.'s Washington bureau chief and assistant general manager, he left to join Gannett Co. Inc., rose steadily to become president of a company that operates 17 newspapers and five broadcasting stations in four states. As the A.P.'s new president, Miller succeeds Washington Star Editor Benjamin M. McKelway, 67, who is retiring because of age.



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THE THEATER

To a Mountaintop

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here *Any*more, by Tennessee Williams, is his first unequivocally symbolic and undeviatingly religious allegory. It will certainly repel devotees of realism. It will equally certainly make Hermione Baddeley the most envied actress on the island of Manhattan, since she has been given another of the playwright's memorable roles for women, Flora Goforth, whom she portrays with blinding blistering brilliance. Playgoers inured to the calculated trivia of Broadway may be infuriated, touched to the quick, or turned stone-deaf at being asked, in all seriousness, to contemplate the state of their souls at the moment of impending death.

This is the condition of Flora Goforth, who must meet not her publisher's deadlines, as she likes to think, but her Maker's, as in her terror-gnawed bones she knows. Flora is a vulgar, bawdy, explosive clown in her 60s, an eternal show girl, who has buried six husbands and who, fingers warty with jewels, is still desperately, greedily, and somehow gallantly grabbing at life in a mountaintop villa in Italy. Indeed, she has three villas, pink, blue and white, all wired up in a walkie-talkie intercom system into which she dictates at all hours of the day and night what she ludicrously conceives to be Proustian memoirs of the international set. Up a goat's path to the Goforth domain staggers a starving, exhausted poet in *Lederhosen* named Christopher Flanders (Paul Roebeling), who clearly hopes to stay on for free. Craftily suspicious of freeloaders, Flora keeps the handsome young man at one villa's distance while she rifles his field pack to learn that he is 34 and constructs mobiles. A witchy visitor of Flora's vintage, Vera Ridgeway Condotti (Mildred Dunnock), warns her that Chris has been nicknamed "Angel of Death," having been the questionable companion of several old ladies at the time of their demise. Bent on one last fleshly fling, Flora decides to seduce Chris.

A strange contest ensues, in which she barters for his body and he gambles to save her soul. On the surface, *Milk Train* is Flora's story and incontestably Hermione Baddeley's vehicle. She can put the chill of mortality into a sibilant whisper, all vanity into a grandiose Churchillian lisp, all lechery into a creamy smirk. As she coughs, groans and rages about the stage, she is larger than death.

But on subsurface tracks of meaning, *Milk Train* speeds toward a surprisingly different destination: an allegory of the temptation of Christ, as Boston Drama Critic George E. Ryan of *The Pilot* perceptively noted during the pre-Broadway tryouts. Chris is both St. Christopher and a Christ figure. Christopher means Christ-bearer. Chris arrives at Flora Goforth's burdened with a pack so weighty that he stumbles. In legend, St. Christopher carries a child across a river, and suddenly,

finding the weight almost too great to bear, discovers that he is carrying Jesus, who in turn bears the sins of the world. The Goforth villa is on the Divina Costiera, the Divine Coast, and Chris arrives hungry and asks for milk, "the best thing to break a fast with." Later, Chris drinks and dribbles milk down his shirt front, a metaphorical baptism in this symbol of purity and childlike innocence. He has not eaten for three days, and "after four days an unfed stomach gives up hope and stops hurting." For credibility, Williams thus reduces by tens Christ's Biblical fast in the wilderness "being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended he afterward hungered."

As Christ was tempted on a mountaintop, so is Chris. The temptress is Vera, who promises to promote him as an artist and lay the wealth and social aristocracy of Capri at his feet. Chris is said to have "worked a miracle" in enabling an old woman with a broken hip to walk again, and during the play he banishes the heart-sick depression of Flora's prim widowed secretary (Ann Williams) with an open-handed touch. At one point when Chris speaks of leaving for Sicily, Flora taunts him with "Can you walk on water?"

Flora represents both a natural—a floral—vitality and the corruption of the world. Her memoirs are a lengthy confession of sin in that symbolically worldliest of all worlds, the international set. Near play's end, when Flora cries out at the pitch of anguish, "Bring God to me! . . . how do you do it, whistle, ring a bell for him?" she frantically tinkles a little dinner bell three times, the triply rung bell in the celebration of the Mass that heralds the presence of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist. Flora's final hope is that she is about to be redeemed for her sins. But since Chris is 34, the action of the play takes place after the crucifixion of Christ; hence the sense of loss implied in the title.

There is too much pagan Apollo, too many reminiscences of other narcissistic young Williams heroes placidly contemplating their torsos to make Williams' vision of the Christus acceptable to most playgoers, though Paul Roebeling plays him more than acceptably, as does Mildred Dunnock the role of the she-devil. As Flora's lovely, put-upon secretary, Ann Williams somehow suggests that she has locked her emotions in a vault to which no one, including herself, possesses the combination. Director Herbert Machiz shows an unobtrusive command of the metaphysical strife between good and evil that dominates Williams' vision of existence. A play so visibly ambitious was perhaps bound to be visibly faulty. The intercom between the surface narrative and the allegory intermittently goes dead. Flora Goforth is securely dramatized, while the Christ-bearer lacks spiritual intensity. Though Williams uses sparer and less poetic language than usual, it still lacks the

stark candor of his subject. Nonetheless, the play has the aura not of a Broadway showstop failure but of a playwright-in-transition seeking, through a dark theme, amid mystical distortions, for the still and burning faith to paint a dramatist's 20th century El Greco.



BADDELEY & ANN WILLIAMS



BADDELEY DICTATING MEMOIRS



WILLIAMS & ROEBELING
Devotees of realism will be troubled.

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Parisian for New Haven

While presidents pass the hat for funds, the chief educators at famed universities these days are the deans of undergraduate colleges. So it is at Yale College, where for 25 years "Dean of Deans" William



GEORGE H. KELLY
Nothing Old Blue.

C. DeVane has been such a beloved fixture that last fall Yalermen could hardly believe his announcement of retirement next June. Last week they were equally startled when Yale picked Dean DeVane's successor—not an Old Blue or an Early American but a 42-year-old Frenchman.

At 10, Paris-born Georges May packed away his new Sorbonne diploma, enlisted in the French army to fight invading Germans. In 1942 he slipped out of occupied France to North Africa, went to the U.S. and joined the OSS in Washington. By 1947, U.S. Citizen May had a doctorate from the University of Illinois and a teaching job at Yale, soon became a top scholar of 17th and 18th century French literature, wrote books on Racine, Diderot, Rousseau and others. A leader as well as a scholar, Professor May now runs Yale's Junior Year Abroad program, in 1961 became chairman of the important Course of Study Committee. Now, as Dean May, he will oversee living and learning for 3,990 undergraduates, and become, if one pleased prophet is right, "Yale's answer to Jacques Barzun," the Paris-born provost of Columbia.

"Best of Both Worlds"

To U.S. Roman Catholics who find Catholic colleges too weak in scholarship and secular colleges too shy of religion, a lively campus in Canada beckons with a rare formula for the "best of both worlds." St. Michael's College, which has 1,260 Catholic students, 15% of them American, is run by the Basilian Fathers. Yet it is integrated with the tax-supported

University of Toronto (17,000 students), a federation of five Oxford-style colleges. As a result, coed "St. Mike's" offers the intellectual stimulus and ample curriculum of a major secular university plus the religious spirit of a Catholic college.

What forged this friendly setup was a 19th century custody battle over the infant University of Toronto, which both secular and religious educators wanted to run. As a compromise, the Ontario legislature put in a nonsectarian administration to control degrees and the teaching of "university" subjects, mostly science. Sectarian colleges were then invited to join and teach "college" subjects, mostly humanities. St. Michael's in 1887 became the first to join.^{*}

In practice, St. Mike's and the other arts colleges have their own dormitories, faculties and particularly strong courses, which are open to students of any other college. All schools get indirect provincial and federal help in the form of grants based on enrollment. Otherwise, St. Michael's is financed from tuition, a Basilian Fathers subsidy, and the bonus of having many unpaid priests as teachers.

High Standards. A breezy place, with more Americans than the other colleges, St. Mike's is a block-square complex of old red brick and new limestone buildings, set off from the bulk of the university by spacious Queen's Park. Canadians sometimes charge it with Catholic clannishness. Nonetheless, it is far more worldly than the average U.S. Catholic college. Some of its students even take all their courses outside St. Mike's, mixing with agnostics and perhaps bracing their faith in the process. "I believe in confrontation with other Catholic ideas," says U.S.-born Father John Kelly, who arrived as a stu-

* Toronto's other sectarian arts colleges are the Anglican Church's Trinity and the United Church of Canada's Victoria; the nonsectarian members of the federation are University College and professional students' New College.



FATHER KELLY



ST. MIKE'S SCENE
From the scholarly point of view.



GILSON

dent 25 years ago, stayed on to teach philosophy, and in 1958 became president.

The price of a year at St. Mike's is as low as \$1,200. "It costs me about as much to go here as it would to go to Fordham, commuting," says one boy from a New York City suburb. Admission standards are high. Americans must not only have top school grades, but must also take St. Mike's "13th year" of high school (more English, math, science, languages) before becoming full-fledged collegians. They are then so well prepared, says one American professor of English, that he gives freshmen the same Chaucer course that he used to give seniors and graduate students at Cornell. Many Americans still get through in four years because Canadian universities require only three years for a degree (honors students take an extra year).

Unlike some U.S. Catholic colleges where priests get all the privileges, St. Mike's lay teachers (one-third of the faculty) swing their weight. "Lay faculty have more to say here than at any other Catholic institution I know about," says one American professor, who deserted Notre Dame for St. Mike's. In philosophy, its strong point, St. Mike's outshines all other Toronto colleges with 22 courses, almost all taught by laymen. "We approach philosophy from the scholarly, not the apologetic point of view," says Professor Lawrence Lynch, head of the department. "We have a course called Contemporary Systematic Philosophy that doesn't even touch on a Catholic philosopher." Similarly, a compulsory "religious knowledge" course stresses such wide-ranging sources as the novels of J. D. Salinger.

Broadening Vistas. Aiding such breadth is St. Mike's proudest claim to intellectual distinction: its Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, launched by French Medievalist Etienne Gilson, who now commutes between Paris and Toronto. Generally recognized as tops of its kind in North America, the institute has produced at least 100 graduates now adding scholarly luster to U.S. Catholic philosophy

departments. In addition, the university itself has set up new institutes—Slavic, Islamic, East Asian—sharply broadening St. Mike's vistas.

All this makes St. Mike's sure that its two-world formula is a first-rate cure for provincialism in Catholic education. Is there any good reason, many college administrators wonder, why in an age of ecumenicism similar Catholic colleges could not be set up at private U.S. universities?



ADMINISTRATOR WILLIS
Only Jack gets more jack.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

\$68,500-a-Year Schoolmaster

Benjamin C. Willis, who gets \$48,500 a year for running Chicago's public schools, has taken on a second job. With the consent of the Chicago school board, he will work weekends and vacations as head of the Massachusetts Education Commission, which seeks to reform that state's backward public education system. With his moonlighting pay of \$20,000, Administrator Willis will earn \$68,500 a year. The nation's top-paid school superintendent thus becomes the nation's highest-paid public official except for President Kennedy, who gets \$100,000.

TEXTBOOKS

Better Well-Read Than Read

Paralyzed by the notion that teaching about Communism might make some students Communists, and frightened by cold war controversy, most U.S. high schools evaded the subject for a decade after World War II. Now, the cultural lag having elapsed and Khrushchev having toned down Communist belligerence, schools are beginning to see the task as a scholarly opportunity for their history and social studies departments.

The best schools—for example, Andover and Exeter—are doing all possible to weave facts about Communism into regular history courses; a gold mine of their ideas is David Mallery's *Teaching About Communism* (National Association of Independent Schools; 75¢). The worst

are offering separate hate-Communism courses that indoctrinate more than they illuminate. Louisiana, for example, teaches high school students the superheated proposition that all Russians "are our mortal enemies . . . They are working day and night to destroy America."

Black-White Fallacy. The obvious need in areas with compulsory courses is for texts that avoid the black-white fallacy. An example of the scholar's dilemma is Florida, where the legislature has ordered high schools to offer 30 hours of "Americanism v. Communism" (in practice, cutting six weeks out of American history courses), with emphasis on "the evils, fallacies and false doctrines of Communism."

Florida's Textbook Adoption Committee considered 21 texts, finally adopted three levelheaded books: J. Edgar Hoover's new *A Study of Communism*, Daniel N. Jacobs' *The Masks of Communism*, and *The Meaning of Communism*, published this week by Time Inc.'s Silver Burdett Co. (Simon & Schuster carries a \$3.95 bookstore edition). The Hoover and Jacobs books are adult-level studies of the theory, structure and spread of Communism. The Silver Burdett book is Florida's "basic" text. Its author is LIFE Staff Writer William J. Miller, in association with two noted Russian experts, Columbia University's Henry L. Roberts and Marshall D. Shulman of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

As its premise, *The Meaning of Communism* argues that Communism, though "implacably dedicated to destroying freedom," is undergoing such "evolutionary changes" that its dogmas "may in time become something different in practice." In a concise analysis, the book traces the process right back to Marx, whose prophecies of capitalism's doom seemed brilliantly plausible, but "were proved wrong by capitalism's ability to purge its worst evils without revolution."

With sweep and color, the book tells how Lenin turned from a peaceful student into a fiery revolutionist after the czarist police killed his brother. In detail, the authors unfold the subsequent chain of tragedies: Lenin's minority-party power grab in 1917, Stalin's further perversion of Marxist ideas, Russia's nationalistic heroism in World War II and its postwar imperialism, the chilling struggle for Kremlin power after Stalin's death, and the sharp differences among Communist countries. Adlai Stevenson praises the book for its "new insights" and "fresh, factual appraisal."

What to Do. As for "what we can do," the book calmly views Communist subversion in the U.S. as a problem for responsible law agencies, criticizes the "near-hysterical excesses" of congressional investigations in the 1950s. In contrast to Communism's "persistent failures of performance," notably in producing farm and consumer goods, the authors point to U.S. capitalism's rejuvenating anti-Depression devices—social security, unemployment insurance, corporate pension plans, the SEC. The authors argue that the U.S., while maintaining military might, must

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The Meaning of Communism skims some important history much too fast: little space is given to Communism's takeover of China. Nor does it tackle the enigmatic appeal that Communism has in so many other backward countries—their dogged belief that fast industrialization comes from collectivism rather than capitalism. But the book cannot help being a boon in the hundreds of U.S. public schools where even now Asian and European history are practically unknown. Hopefully, it will spur young readers to learn a lot more on their own.



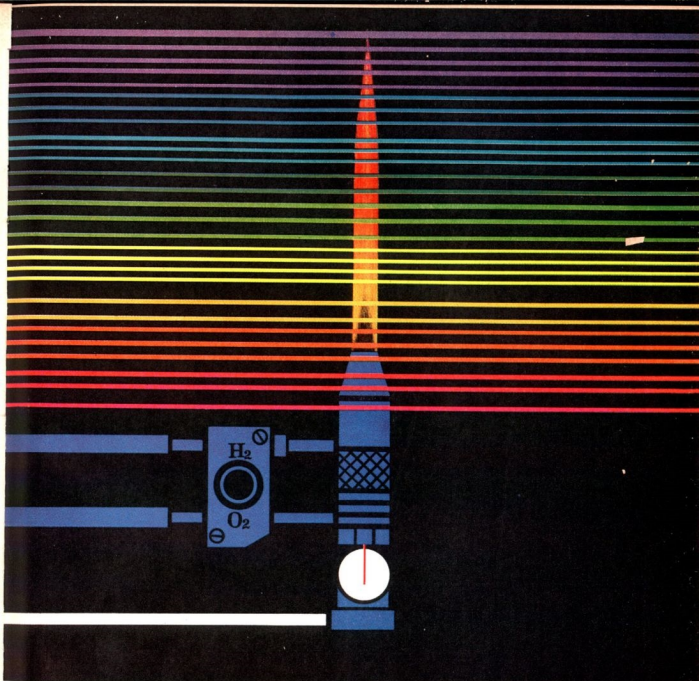
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ADMISSIONS

Tom Sawyer at Brown

"We deliberately admit a number of students who are not objectively qualified," says President Barnaby Keeney of hard-to-crack Brown University, expressing the Ivy League's growing doubts about pure grades as the gauge of who gets in. Keeney wants to find out what kind of "academic risk" is really worth betting on.

This week Brown—with \$155,000 of Ford Foundation money—launches a pioneering study to survey all of its 3,300 graduates between 1947 and 1952 to measure their success in life. The goal: an answer to why many did not resoundingly well despite poor school records. After analyzing the qualities that drive such students, Brown hopes to use them as new criteria in admissions. Over a four-year period, 10% of each freshman class will consist of seeming risks—men not strictly academic but unusually vigorous, humorous, mature or original. As one Brown official puts it: "Thus do the Lord and Barnaby Keeney provide for the Tom Sawyers of the land."



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SHOW BUSINESS

JAZZ

Joy at the Last

If his heart had been lighter while he lived, they would have played *Didn't He Ramble?* as they marched away from the cemetery. But John Casimir was a sober man, and when he was buried in New Orleans, the surviving members of his Young Tuxedo Brass Band left his graveside in silence.

Widow's Wail. Casimir, who died this month at 64, led his band for 40 years. Most of their work was playing in street parades for funerals, and no one in New Orleans could line up funeral work like John Casimir. Over the years, his friends said, Casimir learned the knack of arriving at a sickbed just after the priest and just before the hearse. If the victim looked sick enough, Casimir would give him a quarter. "Go buy yourself some ice cream," he would say cheerily, tipping his hat to the dying man's family. Everyone knew that a quarter from Casimir had the chill of the grave on it. At funerals, the band would play *John Casimir's Whoopin' Blues*, and the woebegone wail of Casimir's clarinet sounded like a widow's cry against the big brassy shout of his band.

In his last year, Casimir's band began playing sit-down music in a club called Preservation Hall. Now, taking turns with other jazzmen of their greying generation, his Young Tuxedo musicians play to attentive audiences who come to tune students' ears to the originators of New Orleans jazz. For many players, though they have spent their lives in jazz, a job at Preservation Hall means the first real payday in a long time. The hall is managed by Allan and Sandra Jaffe, two jazz connoisseurs from Philadelphia, who run it as a labor of love. At the door, customers contribute what they care to.

Lips That Fail. Most of the men are well over 60, and all are traditional players of the New Orleans style—a rick-a-tick-tick, free-moving jazz form that is the noblest ancestor of Dixieland. The oldest regular is Papa John Joseph, 85, who still plays a mean bass and is a veteran of the old Kid Ory and King Oliver Creole jazz bands. Papa plays in the company of such old regulars as Trumpeter Punch Miller, 68, and Clarinetist George Lewis, 62. Lewis is among the few jazz pioneers still living. The clarinet on which he composed his classic *Burgundy Street Blues* has a place of honor in the New Orleans Jazz Museum.

Moved by the revival of interest in the New Orleans style, Atlantic Records is putting out some "Jazz at Preservation Hall" albums, but such efforts come along very late. The old generation is thinning out. Casimir's death followed the deaths of Clarinetist Steve Angram and Drummer Chinee Foster. The jazz played by the remaining old men limps along on failing lips and shortened breath. But even so, the music at Preservation Hall is often better than an echo of what used to be: like the *Whoopin' Blues*, it is a cheerful way of saying goodbye.

NEW FACES

She Knows What She Means

When Barbra Streisand talks, she gets lost in the trackless deserts of her burgeoning vocabulary. "Creativity is like a part of perversion," she will begin, "like a thing that goes inward for emotion, not responsively, because intellect is bad for what I do." Such thoughts always bring her to a helpless "Know what I mean?" And no one ever does. But when she sings, everyone knows exactly what she means; even with a banal song, she can hush a



BARBRA STREISAND
Sorrow in "Happy Days."

room as if she really had something worth saying.

Last week at Manhattan's Blue Angel, she cast timid eyes at the ceiling as if Major Bowes's cane were about to rip down from the attic. She squirmed onto a stool and let her coltish legs dangle, ankles flapping. She twisted bony fingers through her hair and blessed her audience with a tired smile. Then she sang—and at the first note, her voice erased all the awkwardness of her presence onstage.

Only 20 and a singer for barely three years, Barbra seldom hits a note on pitch, but she slides into tune with such grace that her quavers often sound intended. Much as she denies learning from other singers, her style is unmistakably Lena Horne's, and she makes superb use of it. She closes her show with a slow version of *Happy Days Are Here Again* that lends the song an ambivalent sorrow only a very wise girl could dream up.

Born in Brooklyn, she did not make her first trip to Manhattan until she was 14. She had only a few hours of nightclub singing behind her when she was cast in a part on Broadway in last year's *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. She stole the show with a number called *Miss Marmelstein*, and has been intent on musical comedy ever since. "I don't think about space and the nuclear thing," she says, starting off on another trip into the unknown. "I don't want to cut off the emotion because I just know the sensory things, I deal in the senses—know what I mean?"

MOVIES

The Hard Way

The best U.S. motion picture of 1962 (*TIME*, Dec. 28) was created by a writer and director who had never made a film before. One of its principals had never acted in a movie. Even the cameraman had shot nothing more lofty than a TV commercial.

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bought a book called *Lisa and David*, read it, and showed it to her mother. It was a short novel by a Brooklyn psychiatrist, actually little more than two case histories with dialogue, about a curative love that develops between two teen-age children in a suburban mental home. The mother was Eleanor Perry, 46, who had spent the time she could spare from child rearing in writing plays; one of her scripts (*The Third Best Sport*) had once had a moderate run on Broadway.

Mrs. Perry showed *Lisa and David* to Frank Perry, 32, her second husband and formerly an associate producer at New York's Theater Guild. He decided the story had high dramatic possibilities but realized that it would never work as a play, being far too fragmentary in its details, too much a series of swift sketches covering a full year in time. It should do beautifully as a movie. But who would write the script? Who would direct? They looked at each other. "Why not?"

Mrs. Perry turned the doctor's novel into a fully developed screenplay, successfully inventing many scenes to fulfill, rather than simply fill out, the story. It was a very nice piece of work, and when the Perrys tried to get the backing of a major studio, they were not—as custom would have it—turned away icily by the crass boos of Hollywood. They were just turned away. It lacked size, and the great paradox of movie financing is that it's easy to milk fortunes out of Hollywood for high-budget stupendanzas, but next to impossible to get a couple of hundred thousand for a low-budget picture. "We can't afford to make small pictures," said U.A. "We have too much overhead." The dimensions of the Perrys' story were necessarily small, and Hollywood could only have suffocated it anyway as a Blazing Psychodrama in Odd A-O with, say, Yul Brynner and Bette Davis as David and Lisa.

Employee Relations. So the Perrys took to the streets and sold their movie to small investors at \$112.50 a slice, Broadway plays often crawl onto the boards that way, and that was the world the Perrys knew. Strange grapes were often dangled before the couple. One man said he would come through with about \$100,000 if the Perrys would add a rape and a seduction to the script. Another fellow handed them a worthless check for \$50,000.

But the money was raised. The next problem was a location. Through one potential backer, the Perrys and their producer, Paul Heller, heard of the old Clothier mansion in Wynnewood on Philadelphia's Main Line, lately vacated by a starchy prep school for girls. The Perrys made a \$2,000 donation to the Armenian church group that had taken the place over—and they were in. Many movies drag on for weeks, months, and sometimes years in the making. This one was shot in 25 days—because it had to be if the money was to hold out. The Perrys projected each day's rushes on two sheets of shelf paper tacked to the wall of their room in the Haverford Inn.



ELEANOR & FRANK PERRY
The best—without Odd A-O.

Their casting methods were equally unpretentious. Janet Margolin (*Lisa*) was an 18-year-old whose credits were in television and on Broadway until the Perrys picked her from a group of about 1,000 candidates. As David, Keir Dullea (pronounced Duh-lay) was seeing himself in a starring role for the first time. Howard Da Silva, who plays the chief psychiatrist effectively enough to destroy the beard-and-couch cliché, was making his first picture since being blacklisted a dozen years ago for defying the House Un-American Activities Committee. Most of the supporting cast were amateurs seined from Philadelphia dramatic groups, or girl friends of members of the crew stuck into the film just to maintain employee relations.

Sudden Pals. It seemed a chicken-wire operation if ever there was one. But the result is stunning. Movies about mental illness have often shown considerable clinical insight, but this one is a love story with a clinical background, and the love itself heals two young minds where mere insight could never have helped. The Perrys took *David and Lisa* to the 1962 Venice Film Festival and won a prize for the best film by a new director. At the San Francisco International Film Festival, Dullea and Margolin were named best actor and actress.

Wiser than most, the Perrys say they will never do a psychological film again. Meanwhile, they are looking for a new story to tell. They are up to their elbows in sudden pals, people with scripts, agents with visions of new El Dorados. One agent said he could make Frank Perry a director at any major studio, starting off with modest \$4,000,000 films. The Perrys explained that they want to remain small businessmen, in effect, and would like to make their next picture for about \$400,000. "What are you?" said the agent over his shoulder. "A couple of beatniks?"

ART

Comic Cosmic

Lyonel Feininger is so well known for his prismatic paintings of land, sea and city scenes that his earlier career as a major caricaturist is all but forgotten. Though born in the U.S. and always a U.S. citizen, he went to Berlin in 1894, started working for German newspapers, made himself Germany's foremost cartoonist. He had a gift for whimsy and fantasy that stayed with him right up to

COLLECTION, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK



UNCLE FEININGER'S CHICAGO DEBUT
Later, the universe.

1956, when he died at 84. The gift is charmingly displayed in a new show called "The Intimate World of Lyonel Feininger," at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

Most of the exhibit's watercolors, drawings, prints and toys still belong to Feininger's widow Julia, and his sons, Painter Lux, Photographer Andreas and Laurence, a priest. The museum's print curator, William Lieberman, persuaded the family to let them be shown for the first time. The most surprising works are the colored comics pages done in Germany for the Chicago Sunday Tribune in 1906. For the first cartoon, Feininger drew a caricature of himself holding his cast of characters by strings like marionettes. He called himself "Uncle Feininger," and his cast included the Kin-der-Kids and the appealing Wee Willie Winkie, who thought that every object in the world—trees, trains, puddles and clouds—had faces and feelings just like people.

According to his biographer, Hans Hess, Feininger even as a child could find "mysteries in the recesses of buildings and strange figures walking on the roofs and in the streets." He recorded these in a series of sketches of scrawled little figures doing every sort of everyday act from

walking in the rain to gazing at a rainbow. Feininger also saw mystery in the machine, but his machines tended to come either from the past or from way off in the future. His nostalgic *Old Locomotive* is almost like a person—a gallant, superannuated old gentleman that keeps chugging along out of sheer determination and stubborn pride.

At first sight, all this seems far removed from Feininger's great work, his architectural paintings, in which subtly shaded planes of color seem to reach back into endless space. But even in the little wooden sculptures that he gave away to friends, there is the sense that only through distortion can one see reality, and that since reality changes constantly, distortion of some sort must imply that change. The comic and the cosmic artist were not so far apart, and Feininger the painter was always grateful to Feininger the cartoonist. "Far be it from me," he said, "to underrate those important years as a comics draftsman. They were my only discipline."

Pictures of Dreams

Kenzo Okada has—at the age of 60—a secret, invisible, inexhaustible and almost magic source of images for his painting: memories of his dreams when he was young. He seems to have forgotten most of his wakeful activities—instead he recalls that in Tokyo his life "was lonely and full of dreams," and during his student days in Paris, "I fell in love with a different girl every day, and mostly I dreamed." Last week a collection of Okada's dreams was on display at M.I.T.'s Hayden Library in Cambridge, Mass. In style and approach, Okada has changed little over the last 60 years, but happily this is all for the best. His abstractions have been and are today among the most beautiful in the U.S.

Before he came to the U.S. in 1950, Okada derived his forms from landscapes and figures: "I worked with the object." But for a man who ultimately decided that he wanted to paint the interior of his own mind, the object merely inhibited the necessary flight of fancy. And so Okada turned to abstraction, which he calls "the Western way" but his Western way still keeps the flavor of Japan.

When he and his wife Kimi are not in their Greenwich Village apartment, they are apt to be in their old frame house in rural Rensselaerville, 28 miles from Albany. "It is just like Japan," says Okada. "The moors, the quiet, unhurried countryside. We even have a waterfall in front." Kimi was once a dress designer, but when she ventures to make suggestions about her husband's designs, Okada becomes jokingly stern. "When Kimi tries to help, she helps too much," says he, making his thumb and forefingers snap open and shut to suggest a yacking mouth.

Okada works on as many as five canvases at a time, wandering from one to another in bare feet. He uses knives, fin-

gers, pieces of wood, rollers, "and, of course, I also have brushes." When he has "a feeling of one of my dreams," he begins to paint. He has no advance knowledge of how his canvas should come out, and thus his composition can grow naturally. "Without knowing is the best way to create something," he says.

Often an Okada painting will suggest a bit of landscape or sky, but sometimes, as in *Memories*, the images simply float across the canvas like some sort of exquisite flotsam. In the last five years, Okada's palette has grown increasingly muted, and his colors have a weathered look as if

JACK WADSWAN



OKADA AT WORK
At times, a brush.

time had washed over them again and again, giving them that frail grace that comes only with great age. Nothing is consciously organized; it is Okada's achievement that, in the end, everything still seems in place. This is the chaotic logic of a remotely remembered dream.

Bargain Debasement?

In an ornate Paris hotel room, a trio of men, all but lost in a crowd of artists and their works, peered at canvases spread before them and then at one another. "You like?" boomed the tall one with the familiar face. "I like. We'll buy the lot," said the one in the short sports coat. The third man, in a dark suit, scribbled checks. The process took about an hour, cost \$5,000, and added another 100 paintings, sketches and etchings to the stockpile of something called the Vincent Price Collection, Inc.

The familiar face was Price, veteran of more than 50 films and a collector for 30 years. The short sports coat was Harry Sundheim Jr., a Chicago businessman and also a collector. The dark suit was Lester Salkow, a Los Angeles theatrical agent who is Price's business manager. The three were buying original art for Sears, Roebuck, which will sell it to the public

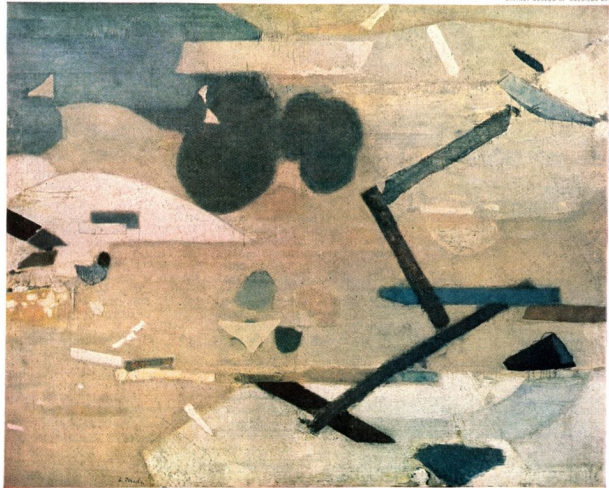
ORIENTAL ABSTRACTIONS BY KENZO OKADA

"TIME," which Okada began with no knowledge of final composition, suggests landscape from Japan's past.



ARNOLD N. HAREMONT

"MEMORIES," which also got its title after completion, evokes kind of images that might float through the mind.



WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

along with snow removers, Oxford cloth shirts, storm windows and mink coats.

Sears started selling original art (in stores, not by catalogue) last fall as part of its program of self-sophistication. The pictures sold so well that now Sears is in the art dodge big. The originator of the idea was George H. Struthers, vice president for merchandising, who enlisted his friend Sundheim, who in turn enlisted Price. "My whole life has been spent in trying to interest people in fine art," says Price, and after bulk buying all over the U.S., he moved across the Atlantic.

His buying spree in Paris left the Right Bank gasping across the Seine at the Left. In the austere Berggruen Galleries the trio waltzed in, snapped up 30 lithographs. Steaming into another gallery, they flabbergasted the owner by buying up, at 33% off, all the works of an unknown Sunday painter. Within hours after their

PIERRE SOUL-ST



PRICE (CENTER) IN PARIS^o
Right off the rack.

arrival in Paris, word of their vacuum-cleaner technique spread around the town, and the work began coming to them in their hotel. "They've started bringing their mothers', wives', brothers' and ex-wives' paintings in now," said Price at one point. Their average rate of buying was 500 works a day.

No matter how discriminating a connoisseur might be, it is doubtful that he can buy so fast and still maintain the quality that Price genuinely wants. What was meant to be a basement bargain in art could easily become bargain debasement. But still, the public is buying. "In square old Pasadena," says Price, "4,000 people came to the Sears art show, and 180 paintings were sold in one night. They're not buying for investment; they're buying for pleasure." It's a pleasure for Sears too.

^o In background, Mrs. Price; at upper right, Sundheim.

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RELIGION

THE BIBLE

Relevance of the Prophets

Many of the Old Testament prophets must have seemed odd indeed. Jeremiah, by his own admission, had a tremor "like a drunken man" (*Jeremiah 23: 9*), and Isaiah "walked naked and barefoot three years" (*Isaiah 20: 3*). Many of their Jewish contemporaries were skeptical of the prophets—and some people are skeptical still. Literary critics may see Isaiah as nothing more than a wild Hebrew bard, and psychoanalysts may explain the posturings and mutters of Hosea as the upshot of repressed sexual feelings.

In a new book, one of the world's most illustrious Jewish theologians puts the prophets back into place as the first men to speak some bedrock ideas of Western thought. Abraham Joshua Heschel, 56, professor of Jewish ethics and mysticism at Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary, writes in *The Prophets* (Harper & Row; \$6) that if those peculiar ancients claimed to speak for God himself, their message is indeed worthy of the Creator. For they preached the dignity of the world's poor and downtrodden, and warned unjust men that God himself cared about what happened on earth.

A Personal God. Modern man finds it hard to sympathize with the prophets, Heschel argues, largely because Biblical thinking is so alien to his own. Unlike the Greek philosophers, or even Judeo-Christian theologians of later years, the prophets did not think of God as a first cause or prime mover but as a person; they were unconcerned with what God is, but cared only for what he does and says. Unlike the mystics, the prophets did not express the ineffable glory of God, but spoke of specific situations—the machinations of Jewish foreign policy, or the selling of debtors into slavery during the reign of King Jeroboam II (circa 786-746 B.C.). Isaiah, for example, declares that the Almighty will condemn a military alliance between Israel and Egypt:

Woe to the rebellious children, says the Lord,

Who carry out a plan that is not from Me,

Who turn an alliance not of My spirit, Adding sin to sin;

Who set out to go down to Egypt,

Without asking for My counsel.

The prophets saw these incidents as symptoms; the disease was the corrupt state of Israel. Their cure was angry eloquence. "To us," Heschel writes, "a single act of injustice—cheating in business, exploitation of the poor—is slight; to the prophets, a disaster. To us injustice is injurious to the welfare of the people; to the prophets it is a deathblow to existence; to us, an episode; to them, a catastrophe, a threat to the world."

The explanation of this supernatural fury, Heschel says, lies in the prophets' claim to be surrogates for God. In their writings, they expressed both their own



JEREMIAH BY CHAGALL

The human situation is a divine emergency.



HABBAKUK BY SARGENT



ISAIAH BY MICHELANGELO

anger and divine wrath as well; their mission was to make known this "divine pathos"—God's concern for the world—to men. "Prophecy," Heschel writes, "is the voice that God has lent to the silent agony, a voice to the plundered poor, God is raging in the prophet's words." Their distinction "was to sense the human situation as a divine emergency."

Lesson for Today. Yet though the prophets have gone, still "the world is dark, and human agony is excruciating." Although Heschel does not expressly argue it in his book, he believes that man today is called upon to be prophetic—last week in Chicago he was a mordant critic of religion's ineffectiveness in U.S. race questions (see below). Born in Warsaw, the descendant of a long line of Hasidic rabbis, Heschel earned his doctorate at the University of Berlin, but was expelled by the Nazis to Poland in 1938. He left for England six weeks before the outbreak of World War II, arrived in the U.S. in 1940, and has taught at Jewish Theological Seminary since 1945.

Heschel first turned to the study of the prophets as a university student, when he was repelled by the aridity of contemporary philosophy. He has since spent most of his energies defending "the intellectual relevance of the Bible." Heschel argues that the secular disciplines of philosophy or science are no help to man in solving the ultimate riddles of life. "Marx and Freud are interesting," he says, "but in extreme situations, such as in dealing with good and evil, do they lead anywhere? Science presupposes a certain aspect of being, but is it the ultimate?" Heschel answers no, and says that in the long run of time, "the prophet may be more relevant than the scientist."

THE CHURCHES

"That Awful Fatalism"

The churches of the U.S., which have never summoned enough resolution, originality or unity to help the country significantly in dealing with racial discrimination, last week in Chicago held their first National Conference on Religion and Race—and proved themselves still unable to offer much wisdom.

The dominant mood of the four-day meeting, attended by 1,000 delegates and



BY FREEMAN

THEOLOGIAN HESCHEL

observers from 65 Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish groups, was what one participant called "that awful fatalism." The Rev. Will D. Campbell, former chaplain at Ole Miss and an executive of the National Council of Churches, said flatly that "it is too late now for us to establish harmonious relationships between the races on a worldwide scale." In his prepared text, distributed but prudently omitted from the spoken version, Campbell claimed that racial hatred has reached such a pitch that "in our generation white children will be marched into gas chambers by dark-skinned masters, clutching their little toys to their breasts in Auschwitz fashion." In the same mood, Episcopal Layman William Stringfellow gloomed that "the most practical thing to do now is weep."

Such doleful hand wringing left many churchmen aghast, and at the conference's end, delegates approved a well-meant "Appeal to the Conscience of the American People," which called for a reign of justice, love, courage and prayer in which "voting rights and equal protection of the law will everywhere be enjoyed" and "the wounds of past injustices will not be used as excuses for new ones." The call to action was not binding on any of the religious groups represented.

THE CLERGY

"Incorrigible Optimist"

"Length of life has very little real significance," Arthur Judson Brown once said. "What's really important is the quality." The life of Dr. Brown had lots of both. He was 106 on his birthday Dec. 3, six weeks before his death, and back of that lay a solid career as a prime mover of Christian missionary work, as a found-

er of the ecumenical movement, as a lifelong advocate of Christian peace on earth among men of good will.

Presbyterian Missionary Brown once jovially compared himself to Satan in the *Book of Job*, who spent considerable time "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." He was born in Holliston, Mass., and never lost his love for the hard old New England way of life, with its boiled dinners and God-fearing Sundays. He admired the iron and certainty of the traditional Calvinist theology, "stern and rockbound" like the coast of Maine.

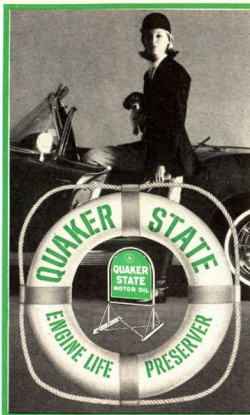
Brown studied at Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, spent twelve years as a pastor in Ripon, Wis., Oak Park, Ill., and Portland, Ore., before his election in 1895 as administrative secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. "A divided church cannot save the world," Brown said, and with that in mind he helped organize one of the landmark events of 20th century Christian history: the Ecumenical Missionary Conference of 1900, which took the first major step toward ending the wasteful competition of church missions.

Brown served 34 years as secretary of the Missions Board, "thankful to have a part in the movement for human betterment." He produced what is still the classic guide to the essential meaning of pastoral life abroad, *The Foreign Missionary*. At the behest of his friend Herbert Hoover, Brown helped establish a number of World War I relief committees—notably Near East Relief, which raised more than \$116 million to assist 1,500,000 war-dispossessed refugees.

Spry and witty, Brown remained "an incorrigible optimist," whose concern for cold war crises never destroyed his belief that the power of righteousness is greater than the power of evil. "Despite our inner conflicts and tensions and our outer-space contests," he would say, "we're going to survive. We'll not only survive; we will prevail."



DR. BROWN (IN THE '20S)
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They're only some of the nationally known participants appearing on *The Mike Douglas Show*, a Cleveland daytime television program seen live Monday through Friday for 90 minutes on KYW-TV. Some of them have done week-long co-host shots. All have had a chance to take part

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MODERN LIVING

RESTAURANTS

What's a Waitress?

Thirty years ago, Federal Judge John M. Woolsey decided that *Ulysses* was not obscene on the grounds that it was a work of art. Last week New York State Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein decided that a seminaked waitress is not obscene on the grounds that it does not matter.

Justice Klein was considering the case of the Bunny, the look-but-don't-touch feature of the Playboy Clubs, which have proliferated across the country like rabbits in the past few years. Manhattan's club cost \$3,500,000 and had already gotten a restaurant license from the state. But City License Commissioner Bernard J. O'Connell denied the club a cabaret license, arguing that the Bunnies' costumes left too much to be desired.² "It would appear clear," he ruled, "that the applicant's main appeal to its prospective customers is the lure of its scantily clad waitresses," who are "using the costume as a lure for the purpose of pushing liquor."

But Justice Klein declared: "If the license commissioner, in his own mind, equates the Bunnies' work clothes with seminudity and . . . even progresses to the point where they become synonymous with nudity, that, too, is at most merely unfortunate. To satisfy his personal moral code, it is not incumbent upon the petitioner to dress its female employees in middie blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fishermen's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats."

² Not as much as the waitresses at Kansas City's prewar Chesterfield Club, who wore no clothes at all.



WALTER DUNAN

AT THE PLAYBOY
Why should a bunny be covered with fur?

It is possible that Judge Woolsey, who defined obscenity as "tending to arouse sexual impulse," might have dissented. If the Bunnies were not rousing at least a few sexual impulses, the Playboy Club was obviously wasting its money on their non-costumes.

GAMES

Beating the Dealer

The omniscient computer, whose attention often seems to be concentrated on the welfare of moon travelers and submariners, may at last have produced a palpable boon for the common run of mankind: a system for winning money in a gambling house.

A 30-year-old mathematics professor named Edward O. Thorp claims to have made this important breakthrough by feeding the equivalent of 10,000 man-years of desk-calculator computations into an IBM 704 computer and arriving at a set of discoveries about the way the odds fluctuate in the game of blackjack, or twenty-one. This system enables the initiate to bet heavily when the odds are with him, lightly when they are against him. What's more, the cost of the system—including a set of palm-sized, sweat-resistant charts to take to the casino—is only \$4.95, which happens to be the cost of Thorp's book, *Beat the Dealer* (Blaisdell).

Hard Hands & Soft. Thorp's system is based on the fact that blackjack is not what mathematicians call an "independent trials process," in which, as in craps or roulette, each play is uninfluenced by the preceding plays. As each card is played in blackjack, it changes the possibilities for both player and dealer by diminishing the number and the variety of cards that may be dealt.

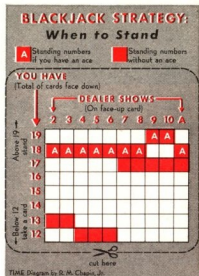
Hence the basic blackjack strategy, according to Thorp's computer, is that the fewer cards valued at two to eight that are left in the pack, the greater advantage to the player. On the other hand a shortage of nines, tens and aces gives the dealer an advantage. A scarcity of fives, Thorp's figures indicate, is more advantageous to the player than a shortage of any other card; when all four fives have been played, the player has an edge of 3.29% or, as expressed roughly in odds, 52-48 in the player's favor. Thorp has devised a series of charts to show when to split a pair ("always split aces and eights, never split fives and tens"),* when to double and when to stand.

Knowing when to stand and when to ask for another card is, of course, the

* Aces should always be split because there is a good chance of a winning hand with either of the new hands; eights should be split if the dealer has a seven or higher showing simply because 16 is such a bad total to hold; splitting five is unfavorable because it replaces a good total to draw to; splitting tens throws away an excellent hand (20) for two that are only a little better than average.

heart of the game. Thorp's chart for this differentiates between what he calls "soft" hands—hands that contain an ace and are therefore less likely to go over 21 (aces count as either 1 or 11)—and "hard" hands, which contain no ace. For example, when the dealer is showing a nine or ten, a soft hand should draw, even on 19, because the ace in it can be taken as 1 if necessary (reducing the 19 to 9), whereas in the same circumstances a hard hand should stand at 17. And when the dealer shows a four, five or six, a hard hand should stand at 12 (because with a four, five or six in his hand the dealer runs a considerable risk of going bust), whereas a soft hand is advised to draw another card up to 18.

This is Thorp's basic strategy; his full-deck system involves a much more complex technique of betting in terms of the



number of tens, aces and fives remaining in the deck in relation to the number of cards left in the pack before the next shuffle.

The Small Martingale. Professional gamblers generally take Mathematician Thorp and his computerized charts with a sneer and a leer; system players, they say, are always ultimate losers because they play on and on, giving the house odds a chance to operate. The only successful system, known as the Small Martingale, is to double the bet after each losing play, a maneuver the casinos effectively counter by establishing a bet limit. With a limit of \$500, a doubler starting at \$1 would have to bet an illegal \$512 after only nine consecutive losses.

Thorp claims, however, that in Reno and Las Vegas the casino operators took him very seriously indeed after the system began to click. The dealer's most effective stratagem is to shuffle between each hand. This destroys Thorp's carefully arrived at calculations, but the operators use it only as a last resort because it slows down the play at the table and hence the overall profit.

TRAVEL

Compact in the Sky

The long-distance commuter, frazzled by freeway traffic and weary of club-car chatter, has known for some time that there was a way out of it all. He could buy a helicopter. All it took was money—usually about \$45,000 of it. In late 1961 Hughes Tool Co. produced a turbine-powered two-seater model that sold for \$22,500, but few commuters could afford even such a bargain. Last week Hughes made the sky attainable.

By arrangement with the Commercial Credit Co., Hughes now offers an easy-payment plan for helicopter buyers, putting them on a par with car buyers. One automobile dealer, San Francisco's Waters Buick Inc., has already got a helicopter on display in its showroom, where any impulsive shopper can step right up and buy it off the floor by plunking down 25%, or \$5,625, with four years to pay the rest. There are also lease-purchase possibilities.

The model, a kind of compact copter, has a cruising speed of 70 m.p.h., a maximum speed of 86 m.p.h., a range of 200 miles and an endurance of three hours in the air. Special effects include a 360° visibility, a tinted canopy to protect against sun glare, and air-oil shock-absorbing landing skids that "smooth out" the roughest terrain. It is also economical—1/3¢ a mile by Hughes's estimate. With 53 dealers already signed up and expectations of many more, Hughes has stepped up production to one copter a day, confident the idea will soon catch on.



HUGHES HELICOPTER
The flyway beats the freeway.

the peasant women of Italy) are fashioned on delicately tinted, skin-colored fabric or fiber-glass base, and are carefully matched in color and texture to the customer's remaining locks. The whole thing is generally affixed to the scalp by a couple of pieces of centrally stationed tape plus a smattering of adhesive cement around the edges. The new hairpieces are so firmly anchored that they can be worn in the shower and even to bed, although neither practice is recommended. "But then I wouldn't sleep in a \$300 suit either," noted one salesman.

Hair fashions that eliminate the part (an extra area of detectability) are most popular, the favorites being 1) the crew cut, 2) the "Madison Avenue" or Cary Grant look, 3) the "youthful tousled" or Tony Curtis look, and 4) the pompadour. Coming up fast: the JFK look. Prices range from \$75 to \$350.

Maury Mandel, co-owner of Jerry Rothschild's barbershop in Beverly Hills, says his hairpiece trade has gone up at least 200% in just the past year. "It used to be men of 50 or 60 who would come in," says Mandel. "Now it is men of 30 or 35. It's part ego and part it's just annoying to be bald." Though show biz types like Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra are still leaders in the wiggy set, "ordinary people are going in for the same routine," says Mandel. In San Antonio, whose wig merchants claim the sale of more hairpieces per capita than anywhere in the U.S., most of the buyers are men in the 20 to 45 age bracket. A local salesman, newly toupeed, reported to his operator that the hairpiece had won him a raise; another customer insisted that his crew-cut hairpiece had made him look young enough to "feel at home again" with his grown sons.

Conversation Piece. Among the nation's three largest male wigmakers are Louis Feder, Taylor Topper, and Squires for Men. All have branches or outlets across the country, and all currently boast an annual volume well in excess of \$1,000,000. Says one pleased Squires man-

ager: "It used to be not too many years ago that the woman who dyed her hair was considered 'fast.' Now hair tinting by women is perfectly acceptable, and the same is happening with regard to toupees." The company requires that all branch managers must be balding: "You have to be able to know your customer's apprehensions," says Chicago Branch Manager Irvin B. Kipnis, who does.

Taylor Topper's General Manager Paul Caine likes to quote former Senator from Idaho Glen Taylor, who runs the manufacturing end: "The Senator is always saying that the only thing that will stop hair from falling is the floor. But today a hairpiece is acceptable. It is the most brilliant conversation piece in the world, and anybody who tries to conceal it is crazy. I've personally never known any kind of social rejection when I said I wore one, but I've had some very strange reactions from people who found out when I hadn't told them. People hate to be fooled."

Whatever his age and no matter the degree of his adjustment facilities, the newly wigged man faces the problem of getting past that first full-headed day at home or office. Many new toupee owners plan their vacations around the wig's delivery date, return home to friends who usually know something is different but are often convinced it is a slight weight gain or that brilliant tan. One suburban New Yorker received his new hairpiece in the privacy of the fitting room, put it on as his wife walked in. She burst into laughter and kept right on laughing for about five minutes. Her husband blushed, got more and more embarrassed, was finally ready to hurl the wig at the salesman. "No, no," gasped the wife, "don't take it off—I love it! But, I don't know why, it just affects me this way."

In other words, the first five minutes are the hardest.

FASHION

Does He or Doesn't He?

Men who wear toupees were once as few and far between as the strands of their own hair. To the wearer it was all a matter of secrecy and shame, and to on-lookers a cause for thunderous hilarity; the next best thing to seeing a man slip on a banana peel was watching the wind lift the wig off his glittering scalp. Neither disgraceful nor comic any more, toupees are big business in the U.S. today. They are worn not only by matinee idols whose afternoons are fast fading into dusk, but also by many a man who lost his comb and never noticed, or whose wife was mistaken—once is enough—for his daughter.

Traces of the oldtime embarrassment remain. Many appointments for fittings are made after dark, the exact number of toupee wearers cannot be fixed,⁹ and the acceptable word is now "hairpiece." But vanity has overcome reticence, and sales have risen consistently over the past ten years.

Also in Bed. The most obvious explanation for the boom lies within the structure of the modern hairpiece itself. Where rough edges and crude foundations once made a man's deceit discernible to his snickering friends, the new wigs (made exclusively of imported hair, often from



TAYLOR: BEFORE AFTER (CREW CUT)



KIPNIS: BEFORE AFTER (JFK LOOK)

The first brush is the hardest.

⁹ Estimates range from 100,000 to 500,000.

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MILESTONES

Married. Valery Brumel, 20, Russia's world record holder in the high jump (7 ft. 5½ in.); and Marina Larionova, 20, blonde gymnast with the title of Master of Sport; in Moscow.

Divorced. By Francis Gary Powers, 33, U-2 pilot downed over Russia in May 1960; Barbara Powers, 28; on grounds of cruelty and habitual drunkenness; after seven years of marriage, no children; in Milledgeville, Ga.

Died. Wolfgang Döring, 43, No. 2 man in West Germany's Free Democratic Party, a pugnacious politician whose drumfire attacks on the government for repression of *Der Spiegel* magazine caused last December's "chancellorship crisis"; of a heart attack; in Düsseldorf.

Died. Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskill, 56, leader of Britain's Labor Party since 1955; of a virus infection; in London (see THE WORLD).

Died. Morgan Walter Phillips, 60, general secretary of Britain's Labor Party from 1944 to 1961, a onetime Welsh coal miner whose skill as a labor organizer helped bring about Labor's war-end election victory in 1945; of heart disease complicated by ascites; in London.

Died. Sylvanus Epiphany Olympio, 60, first President of the new African nation of Togo; by assassination; in Lomé, Togo (see THE WORLD).

Died. Gustav Regler, 64, quixotic German-born intellectual and onetime ardent Communist, who fought in the 12th International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, was disenchanted by the 1939 Soviet-Nazi nonaggression pact and became a passionate anti-Communist; of a stroke; in New Delhi. This month he traveled to India to form a new international brigade to fight the Red Chinese.

Died. Thomas Leo Kennedy, 75, president of the United Mine Workers of America since 1960, successor to John L. Lewis, now 82, as head of the huge, influential union, an anthracite miner who went to work at the age of 12, grew up in the pits as did Lewis, but displayed few of the old firebrand's temperamental mannerisms, earning a reputation as a diplomatic negotiator; after a long illness; in Hazleton, Pa.

Died. Edward Stewart Pridham, 81, co-founder (in 1911) and engineering genius behind the Magnavox Co., which rose from rube inventions in a Napa Valley farmhouse to today's \$200 million-a-year electronics firm, a physicist whose pioneering in sound led to many Magnavox inventions, among them the first electrodynamic loudspeaker, public-address system, and radio-phonograph; of a heart attack; in Oakland, Calif.



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from **TIME** Publisher's Letter

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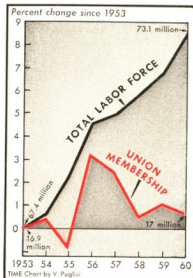
Because of labor stoppages, there were no newspapers to speak of in New York or Cleveland last week, no shipping of consequence on the Atlantic or Gulf coasts. In Philadelphia, a bus, trolley and subway strike was making life miserable for commuters, and only a federal court order prevented Southern Railway workers from hitting the bricks. In all, federal mediators were wrestling with more than 20 major strikes last week.

To many an irate citizen, all this might seem proof that labor's power is excessive and growing greater. But unionism, in membership terms, is no longer an expanding force.

Soft White Collars. Since 1954, the U.S. labor force has jumped more than 9%, to 74 million, but union membership has been all but stalled in the neighborhood of 17 million. Among the five biggest U.S. unions, only the Teamsters are larger today than in 1956; the Steelworkers, the Auto Workers, the Machinists and the Carpenters have grown smaller. Since 1956, the labor movement as a whole has lost 1,500,000 old members and gained 1,500,000 new ones. But, as Transport Workers' President Michael Quill admits, "we have organized the new ones because we compelled them, through closed-shop agreements, to get in line."

Younger workers, who never knew the Depression, are bored by the militant whoops of labor's old war horses. With wages rising in about the same degree as productivity—both gained some 3% last year—the economic utility of union membership is not readily apparent to the youngsters. More important, automation's forward march has hit labor unions by eliminating jobs among the easier-to-organize heavy manufacturing workers, and by creating jobs for white-collar workers, who remain notoriously cool to unions. Of the 23 million Americans employed in government, selling, banking and insurance, fully 85% to 90% have nothing to do with unions.

Much of the current labor unrest traces to the unions' frustration, and their desire to protect blue-collar jobs threatened by automation. On the docks, where loading



machines have steadily been replacing men, a main cause of the current strike was management's attempt to slim down work crews. (The issue has been shunted to an outside study group, which will report next year.)

Hollow Threats. But strikes, and threats of strikes, carry less wallop than they used to as industry relies more and more on machines and finds itself overloaded with productive capacity. Strikers recently stayed out for six months at the big Climax Molybdenum mine in Colorado; but the company, using supervisory help and semiautomated gear, was able to produce up to 65% capacity. Even the worst strike of recent times made little dent in the company ledgers; in 1959, the year of the 116-day steel strike, steelmakers earned 7% more than in 1958.

Of course, one strategic strike, even by a small union, can still cause an awful mess, as disconsolate New York newspaper nonreaders can testify. Organized labor is still a formidable force to reckon with, even though its membership is not increasing and much of its idealism seems to have evaporated. But it is not quite as formidable as it once was.

Beyond Toleration

To the men who run the U.S. merchant marine, the slow erosion of union membership was at best a point of academic interest last week. A four-week-old strike by the International Longshoremen's Association had laid off 62,000 dockworkers from Maine to Texas, left 600 ships lying useless at anchor in Atlantic and Gulf Coast ports, and backed up some 14,000 freight cars under a pier embargo.

The strike's cost to the U.S. economy was already estimated at \$600 million. The biggest losses were caused by the interruption of commodity shipments. In New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, as sugar refineries ran out of raw sugar, 1,500 workers faced layoffs; on the East Coast refined sugar prices were about to be raised to a 40-yr. high of \$10 per 100 lbs. The United Fruit Co., whose great white fleet is a major prop of more than one Latin American economy, managed to get some of its banana ships unloaded under court order. Even so, bananas began to run short in neighborhood markets, and housewives who succeeded in finding some paid 23¢ a lb. v. the pre-strike 17¢. Crude rubber prices shot up as much as 10%, and Eastern carpet factories, cut off from the jute they need for carpet backing, talked of shutting down.

The impact of the strike was felt at the other end too. Puerto Rican industry, cut off from mainland suppliers, began to feel raw-material shortages. The government of Pakistan waited impatiently for



BUS-STRUCK PHILADELPHIANS



U.S.-BOUND VOLKSWAGENS AWAITING SHIPS IN BREMEN

While the unions tried to hold their old power,



CARGO CRATES IN NEW JERSEY

100,000 tons of surplus U.S. wheat milled in Gulf Coast ports. In West Germany 78,000 Volkswagen workers got an unwelcome two-day vacation from their assembly lines because the German auto company had 10,000 vehicles stranded in U.S. ports and another 5,300 waiting shipment on piers in Bremen and Hamburg.

For a few, the strike was a minor boon. U.S. steelmakers got rush orders for rolled sheet steel from Stateside customers they had previously lost to foreign competitors. But the overall damage to the economy was so great that President Kennedy warned that "the point of public toleration of this situation has been passed."

Since the strike-delaying provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act had been exhausted in the dock dispute, the President sought to unscramble the tie-up by naming a special three-man mediation board headed by Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse, who served as an arbitrator in West Coast dock strikes before World War II. The mission assigned to Morse by the President was to settle as quickly as possible the last remaining issue between the longshoremen and the shippers—a union demand for a wages-and-benefits package totaling 61¢ an hour over the next two years. Flying to New York, tough-talking Wayne Morse called both sides into almost round-the-clock negotiations, with Monday, Jan. 21, as the deadline for meaningful results. There were broad hints from the Administration that if the two sides failed to respond to Morse's ministrations, the President would seek from Congress authority to end the strike by compulsory arbitration.

CORPORATIONS

Reluctant Tycoons

David Packard, 50, and William R. Hewlett, 49, are shirtsleeved electrical engineers whose idea of a satisfying day's work is just putting about in a laboratory. Somewhat to their bemusement, Packard and Hewlett now find themselves running a \$100 million corporation that won't stop growing. In the 24 years since they went into business together, their Hewlett-Packard Co. of Palo Alto, Calif., has grown from a combined office-laboratory in a one-car garage into the world's biggest manufacturer of electronic measuring devices. Last year, true to a growth pattern the company has maintained for almost a decade, Hewlett-Packard's sales rose 25% to \$109 million, and its profits increased 17% to \$7,000,000.

Up from Disney. Packard and Hewlett have made a success out of two deceptively simple decisions: to make nothing but electronic measuring instruments, and to insist on rigid standards of quality. At Hewlett-Packard, specialization is only relative. The company's catalogue lists more than 900 devices designed for such esoteric tasks as timing electrical impulses that last only one-thousandth of a millionth of a second. The surge in the company's 1962 sales was not because any single product was a bestseller, but because H.-P.'s fertile research department turned out so many new products to sell.

Rangy (6 ft. 5 in.) Dave Packard and compact (5 ft. 10 in.) Bill Hewlett decided to go into business together while both were studying at Stanford University under famed Electrical Engineering Pro-



HEWLETT & PACKARD PUTTERING
In a way, it's like the old garage.

fessor Frederick E. Terman. They set up their company in the shadow of Stanford to be near Terman and Stanford's vast research services. Their first sale of any consequence (\$489.60) came when Walt Disney bought nine Hewlett-developed audio oscillators for the sound effects of *Fantasia*. "Bill and I did everything from design to sales in those days," Packard recalls. "I'm afraid our standards of quality weren't quite what they are now."

In the Bulpen. Nowadays Packard, who is the company's president, and Hew-

PERSONAL FILE

- Nattily turned out in a grey civilian suit complete with vest, former NATO Supreme Commander **Lauris Norstad**, 55, showed up in Manhattan to take on a new post: president of the international division of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. Explained Norstad, who turned over command of NATO to Army General Lyman Lemnitzer this month: "I did not want to stay on the fringes of the military. You need the stimulation of a fresh challenge." Fresh challenges are sure to come at Owens-Corning (1961 earnings: \$14,300,000 on sales of \$226,000,000), which is eager to expand its overseas operations, previously limited to minority interests in seven overseas companies. Owens-Corning's next major international move: the opening next month of a branch office in Brussels, which the company hopes will eventually grow into a wholly owned subsidiary with its own Fiberglas plant in Europe.

- Into the presidency of St. Louis' Brown Shoe Co. (1962 sales: \$324 million) moved a man with just the name for the job. The new boss of the nation's second largest shoe manufacturer: **Monte E. Shomaker** (pronounced shoemaker). Shomaker, 57, has been one ever since he went to work in a Brown factory at 14. A no-nonsense production expert who specializes in cost cutting, he replaces Clark R. Gamble, 69, who will continue as chairman. The stickiest problem Shomaker faces is an antitrust ruling requiring Brown to sell the G. R. Kinney Corp., a 360 shoe-store chain that Brown acquired in 1956. Brown wants three years to ac-



NORSTAD



SHOMAKER



PETERSON

complish the unstitching, but the trustbusters are pushing for a six-month deadline.

- The order of succession at the nation's largest bank was spelled out last week when the directors of the Bank of America put Vice Chairman **Rudolph Peterson**, 58, in charge of general administration. This puts him in line to succeed President S. (for Seth) Clark Beise when Beise reaches 65 next October. Born in Sweden but educated in the U.S. (University of California, '25), Peterson started with the Bank of America in 1936, but his current tour there is less than two years old. Cut off from headquarters in 1952 when Bank of America was obliged to surrender control of Transamerica Corp. where he was then working, Peterson could not immediately return to Bank of America without touching off a talent war between the bank and Transamerica. So he retired to a neutral corner as president of the Bank of Hawaii, was finally called back to Bank of America in 1961.



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MEXICAN OIL CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE

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HOFMOTEL

lett, who is executive vice president in charge of the product line, put quality above all else. To give their factory hands some pride of accomplishment, they periodically have individual workers put together an instrument from start to finish rather than pass it down an assembly line. And they strive to preserve the creative informality of their old garage days. Even though Hewlett-Packard operates out of a modern six-building complex in Stanford's industrial park and has subsidiaries all over the U.S. and Europe, only six of the company's top executives in Palo Alto have private offices. The rest work in a giant, noisy bullpen together with clerks and secretaries.

Hewlett and Packard are resigned to the fact that they cannot stop developing new products. To adjust to bigness, they have decentralized and delegated authority. "There are advantages to bigness, too," says Hewlett briskly. "We want to combine the strength of the big with the initiative of the small."

OIL

El Loophole

Brownsville, Texas (pop. 48,040) is a hot, sleepy Mexican border city with almost no hinterland. As near to Panama City as to New York, it is visited each day by but one train, two planes, and practically no tourists. But thanks to a 17-mile ship channel to the Gulf of Mexico and the imagination of a profane, one-time U-boat commander named Friederich Wilhelm ("Fritz") Hofmotel, Brownsville today is a flourishing seaport that last year handled 4,685,000 tons of cargo. More than half that tonnage consisted of low-grade Mexican oil imported under a unique arrangement that Brownsville's predominantly Mexican-American inhabitants fondly refer to as "El Loophole."

The U-Turn. El Loophole stems from a 1959 presidential proclamation that put rigid quotas on oil imported into the U.S. by ship, but none on imported oil coming in by land. The exemption made for overland imports was intended to placate Can-

ada, which currently exports about 89 million bbl. of oil a year to the U.S. But when he read through the fine print of the 1959 proclamation, Hofmotel, who emigrated to the U.S. from Germany in 1923 and has been director of the Port of Brownsville since 1936, decided that it could equally well be applied to Mexico. The only trouble was that there were no pipelines from Mexico into the U.S.

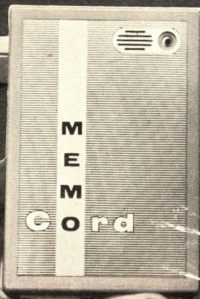
Hofmotel has remedied that lack by setting up a Rube Goldberg process that begins when tankers from Tampico sail into Brownsville loaded with residual crude consigned to the Mexican national oil monopoly in the city of Matamoros just across the Rio Grande from Brownsville. Unloaded under U.S. customs supervision into bonded tanks, the oil is transferred into tank trucks, which immediately set off on the eight-mile run to the Gateway Bridge between Brownsville and Matamoros. Once they reach Matamoros, the trucks make a wide U-turn and swing back onto the bridge, where U.S. customs officers now accept their cargo as Mexican oil imported by overland means. Forty minutes after the trucks are first loaded, they are back at the Brownsville docks, where their cargo is ultimately loaded aboard U.S. tankers headed for East Coast refineries.

Gentleman's Agreement. Though Texas oil producers howl at Hofmotel's scheme, they have no recourse against it. And mere mention of the phrase "El Loophole" visibly sends Hofmotel's blood pressure soaring. "Sonabeetch," he explodes in his German-accented English. "It's no loophole. It's the law." The Interior Department, partly as a result of prodding from the State Department, agrees. Sagely, however, Hofmotel has concluded a gentleman's agreement with the Government: so long as Brownsville limits its oil imports to 30,000 bbl. a day, the U.S. will make no move to rewrite the overland import rules.

Both sides are keeping the agreement to their mutual profit. To Brownsville, El Loophole means \$3.5 million a year in added income and 200 jobs. To the U.S.,

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"Renewed fears of inflation, the evidence that business is holding its own in spite of the four predictions made around mid-1962, and the hope of tax cuts in 1963, have made the market advance 20% since the Cuban crisis in October.

"The big influence in 1963 is likely to be the progress made on the tax bill, since this will affect corporate and personal incomes and also could, if planned intelligently, revitalize our economic growth.

"Unfortunately, the government does have a deficit and also a gold problem, so these are likely to be stumbling blocks in the way of easy passage of tax reductions.

"This could well make 1963 a good trading market within the range of last year's levels which were roughly 10% higher and 20% lower than current levels. The next twelve months are likely to be a preparation for a good economy in 1964."

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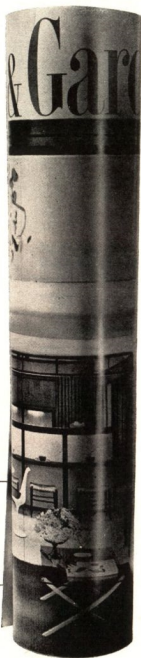
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it means \$500,000 a year in customs fees. All of this has made Fritz Hofmökkel a local hero in Brownsville—a development that leaves him somewhat puzzled. "All I do," he says, "is find people who could make a profit by shipping out of Brownsville and get them together. That's all."

WALL STREET

Rambling Along

The stock market last week seemed to have only two gears—low and reverse. As a result it made a lot of commotion but little progress, opening the week at 671.77 on the Dow-Jones industrial index and closing at 672.52. But speeding along in overdrive was American Motors Corp. All week long, AMC stock was on the Big Board's "most active" list; in all, 687,500 AMC shares changed hands, pushing the price 1½ points to 29½.

One reason for the popularity of AMC stock was its compact price. Even at last week's high, American Motors sold for less than half the cheapest of the Big Three stocks; yet its 10-to-1 price-earnings ratio was as good or better than the bigger automakers could boast. Another attraction to investors was the fact that AMC is one of the few big U.S. industrial corporations with no long-term debt to worry about; since its brush with bankruptcy in the early 1950s, the company has totally paid off its once crushing burden of debt, and such expansion as it is currently planning will be financed out of retained earnings.

To big (235 lbs.), cigar-chomping President Roy Abernethy, 56, who took over American Motors last February when George Romney stepped out to seek and win the Governorship of Michigan,* the big play in his company's stock seemed long overdue. Says Abernethy: "For the past three or four years, there have always been a number of doubting Thomases, but each year we've proved that we can play ball in the big leagues."

There is no doubt that AMC is in the big league now. Its sales for the first ten days of January were 38% higher than a year ago. So enthusiastic has been public acceptance of the restyled 1963 Classics and Ambassadors that Abernethy predicts the company will sell 550,000 cars in 1963, an increase of more than 25% over last year. But even if American Motors does not do better in 1963 than in 1962, no one is apt to complain very loudly: reporting last week on the final three months of 1962, AMC announced that its profits for the quarter had jumped 32%, to \$12 million, and that sales (\$315 million) were the highest for any quarter in the company's history.

* A move that cut Romney off from a tidy windfall. To avoid conflict-of-interest charges, the new Michigan Governor formally resigned all connection with AMC last Nov. 15, nine days after the election. Had he stayed with the company nine days more he could have taken up options on 13,494 shares of American Motors at \$9.21 a share. This would have enabled him to buy for \$124,000 stock that last week was worth twice that much.

Whitehall 4-1212

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WORLD BUSINESS

LATIN AMERICA

Yanqui Goes Home

Among U.S. investors in Latin America, Kaiser has long had an enviable record of readiness to make big commitments, willingness to take in local investors as partners, and consideration for local political sensitivities. But in Córdoba, Argentina, two weeks ago, when Kaiser reluctantly called a ten-day shutdown of its auto assembly lines in order to work off a prohibitively large backlog of unsold cars, hundreds of workers seized 50 supervisors, locked them in a paint shop, and held them hostage until local Kaiser Boss James McCloud agreed to keep the plant in operation.

Kaiser's trouble at Córdoba was symptomatic of what makes U.S. investors nervous about Latin America. Country after country is troubled by rampant inflation and other economic ills. But industry cannot pare its production or its heavily-featherbedded payrolls because left-leaning unions forbid it, and floundering local governments do not dare object because they need union support to stay in office. The result has been a radical cutback of investment in Latin America at a time when the Kennedy Administration urges an Alliance for Progress in the two continents. Where their net investment averaged \$300 million a year during the 1950s, U.S. companies last year withdrew from Latin America enough money to offset all new U.S. investment there.

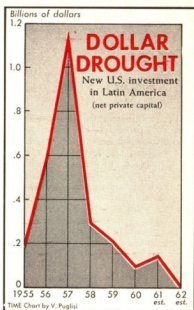
Discouraging Return. Some Latin American nations are bucking this trend. Two years ago, U.S. business was leary of unsettled Venezuela; now, thanks to President Rómulo Betancourt's success at holding price increases to an average 2% last year, new U.S. money is beginning

to move into Venezuela again. Much the same is true of Colombia and Peru.

But in Latin America's biggest nations, the prospects for foreign investors are steadily deteriorating. In Chile, where strikes in the U.S.-owned copper mines have become an annual rite, and taxes run as high as 81% of profits, Anaconda and Kennecott have scrapped expansion programs totaling \$325 million. In Argentina, where the gross national product actually dropped 10% last year, some 35 U.S. companies have recently canceled investment plans. New investment in Brazil has been discouraged by a law that prohibits foreign companies from withdrawing any profits above 10% of invested capital and by expropriation of an International Telephone & Telegraph facility in Rio Grande do Sul.

Off to Switzerland. U.S. businessmen have long been mindful of the danger of expropriation in Latin America, but willing to risk it so long as profits were high enough. To be lured into the more unstable Latin American countries, says Homestake Mining President John K. Gustafson, "a company has to see an awfully quick payout with about a three-year ceiling"—that is, a return of 33% on invested capital. But in recent years, the average return achieved by U.S.-owned companies in Latin America has dwindled to 9% v. 15% in Europe. Prime reason for this is inflation: Argentina's peso is now worth only one-eighth what it was five years ago, and Brazil's cruzeiro has dropped by two-thirds in less than two years. This means that companies must earn almost astronomical sums in present-day money to cover the real costs of their original investment.

Most of the inflation in Latin America results from the same thing that caused the incident at Córdoba: unwillingness to



face economic realities. When the worldwide glut of coffee, cocoa, copper and other commodities cut into their export earnings, too many Latin governments responded by printing more paper currency and borrowing heavily abroad. Latin America's rich have also contributed to the weakening of their nations' currencies and economies by prudently squirreling away huge sums—estimated at \$10 billion to \$15 billion—in Miami real estate, foreign securities and Swiss bank accounts. In Argentina alone the capital flight amounted to \$650 million last year.

Hard to Justify. Partly to get rid of local currency before it depreciates any more, and partly because they are already too deeply committed to back out, some U.S. companies are continuing to expand in Latin America's economic trouble spots. California's FMC Corp. recently completed a food machinery plant in Argentina—but is operating it at only a fraction of capacity. Other U.S. companies are holding on in the hope that the business climate in Latin America will eventually improve. In the meantime, notes Chase Manhattan Bank Economist William Butler, "it is difficult for an American firm to justify sending new capital there."

Curious Common Marketing

Two years ago, in open imitation of Europe's Six, five nations of Central America—Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, Nicaragua and, later, Costa Rica—set up their own common market. But, unlike its European model, the Central American Common Market has poor economic soil to grow in: per capita income in its five member nations averages \$200 a year, and heavy industry is almost nonexistent. Last week, at a meeting in El Salvador, the executive council of the Central American Common Market put



KAISER WORKERS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST SHUTDOWN
Showing symptoms of a spreading malaise.

into effect a curious plan to foster industrial growth. Henceforth, the five nations will select one company in each of a number of essential industries and give it exclusive tariff protection until it reaches large-scale production so efficient that it is able to take on foreign competitors on equal terms.

Named last week were the first two companies chosen for protection: GINSA, the General Tire Corp. subsidiary in Guatemala, and Nicaragua's Hercules Powder Co. insecticide plant. Both will be able to ship their products throughout the Central American market free of tariff and will enjoy the shelter of a high common tariff against competitive imports. Theoretically, there is nothing to prevent their foreign competitors from setting up plants in Central America, too, but such plants would not get the same tariff breaks. All this may well lead to rapid growth for GINSA and Hercules. But it may produce some spectacular hanky-panky on the part of Central American companies vying for "protected" status.

BRITAIN

Out of the Hole

Two years ago when he was tapped by Prime Minister Macmillan to boss Britain's nationalized coal industry, Labor M.P. Alfred Robens, 52, hardly seemed a promising choice. A dedicated socialist and onetime Minister of Labor under Clement Attlee, Robens had had no experience at all in running a big business. And the task before him was staggering. Burdened with uneconomic mines and archaic mining methods, Britain's coal industry had piled up a deficit of \$227 million since its nationalization in 1947.

But turning up (6 ft., 200 lbs.) Alf Robens turned out to be the cleverest capitalist the British Labor Party ever

produced. Recognizing that the Coal Board's marketing tactics were woefully weak, he opened a string of showrooms up and down the country to woo homeowners into using more coal for heating, and sent a staff of 200 technicians out to talk British industrialists into burning coal in their plants.

More important, Robens doggedly set out to tighten up the operations of the sprawling Coal Board, which employs more than 580,000 people. Shuttling from mine to mine, he patiently explained to the miners the need to close unprofitable mines and automate the remaining ones. His down-to-earth, ex-union leader's approach won the miners' support. With a minimum of furor, Robens has closed 50 marginal mines in northern England and Scotland, moved many of the displaced workers to expanding mines in the Midlands. A 4% raise in miners' wages last year was more than offset by an 8% increase in productivity; today the output per man in British mines is the highest in Europe.

Robens' efforts won such respect that he was made a baron. But many Britons continued to receive with frank disbelief his predictions that the coal industry was about to turn the corner. Last week, however, when the Coal Board released its 1962 report, the skeptics were confounded: with profits of \$3,000,000, the board was in the black for the first time in six years.

ITALY

Roman Giant

Some time late next spring, the Watergate section of Washington, D.C., a mile and a half north of the Lincoln Memorial, will begin life anew. On a ten-acre site along the Potomac, construction gangs will start throwing up a handsomely designed \$65 million building complex that will include three high-rise apartment houses, 17 villas, a hotel, a shopping mall and an office building.

Since the new Watergate project will replace an abandoned gasworks, Washingtonians might have been expected to greet it with delight. Instead, a number of architects and critics are protesting vigorously that Watergate would hog Washington's skyline and dwarf nearby federal buildings. Watergate's architects pacified some of these critics with modest design changes, but are still fighting off an outfit called Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, which sees dark meanings in the fact that Watergate is to be built by Italy's Societa Generale Immobiliare, in which the Vatican holds an estimated 20% stock interest.

Even Football Fields. All but unknown in the U.S. until recently, Immobiliare, with assets of \$100 million, is the largest Italian real estate and construction company. Founded in Turin in 1862, Immobiliare moved to Rome with the unification of Italy in 1870, and laid the foundations of its present prosperity by buying



IMMOBILIARE'S SAMARITANI
Upstaging the skyline.

up pasture land around the Eternal City. Since then, Rome's population has swollen from 215,000 to more than 2,000,000, and as Rome has grown so has Immobiliare. In 1961 the company's after-tax profits hit a record \$4,000,000.

Immobiliare no longer likes to be a landlord. Instead, it builds and sells whole suburbs of apartments and homes, and throws in all the amenities from roads and utilities to churches and football fields. Even its apartments it sells on a "condominium" basis: the customer buys the apartment and thereafter can sell, rent or mortgage it on his own. In Italy, Immobiliare's prices for houses and apartments range from \$7,000 to a top of \$35,000, but in Washington's Watergate some of the posher pleasure domes will go for \$100,000.

Management by Computer. Though the Fiat automobile company and other lay investors now hold substantial interests in Immobiliare, the Vatican is the company's largest single stockholder, and three members of Rome's "Black" nobility, including a nephew of Pope Pius XII, sit on Immobiliare's board. The man who runs things at Immobiliare is Aldo Samaritani, 58, the company's shrewd, publicity-shunning general manager.

Samaritani is described by some of his colleagues as "a human computer." An ex-banker who joined Immobiliare in 1933, he has been the man primarily responsible for converting the company from a land investment firm into the construction titan it now is. Washington's Watergate project is part of his latest drive to diversify Immobiliare by moving abroad. Besides Watergate, Immobiliare is now building apartment houses in Paris and Montreal, and is negotiating to build three 45-story office buildings in Montreal's Victoria Square, the heart of the city's financial district.



LORD ROBENS
Overhauling coal.

BOOKS

Revolution Is Hell

THE UNDERDOGS (149 pp.)—Mariano Azuela—Signet (60¢).

Mexico's bestselling novel of all time is, ironically, a bitter attack on the most sacred event in Mexican history: the 1910 Revolution. It takes an exceptional writer to go against his native grain and still be popular. But Mariano Azuela wrote *The Underdogs* with such unsparing honesty that he was forgiven his iconoclasm. Few novels have so fiercely proclaimed that war, revolution included, is hell.

Reissued now in paperback, in a new English translation, *The Underdogs* is less a narrative than a series of sharply etched,

"I love the Revolution like a volcano in eruption," he exults. "I love the volcano, because it's the volcano, the Revolution because it's the Revolution! What do I care about the stones left above or below after the cataclysm?" But he fails to translate this poetry into practice. At the first sign of shooting, he flees.

The basic motives for revolution boil down to one: love of killing. At first the rebels are content to kill only their oppressors, who by and large deserve it. But before long, they are making no distinctions, shooting down and stringing up innocent and guilty alike. They even compete at cruel deeds. Boasts one: "When I was up at Torreón, I killed an old lady who refused to sell me some enchiladas.

The Tadpole Poet

THE NOVELS OF A. C. SWINBURNE (377 pp.)—Edited by Edmund Wilson—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$6.50).

*By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and
bud,*

*By the lips intertwisted and bitten
Till the foam has a savor of blood
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and
strain,*

*I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.*

Verses like this, which today would hardly cause a raised eyebrow were they to appear in the Sweet Briar College literary magazine, burst like a sinful star shell in the stodgy gloom of Victorian England. Mothers clutched their daughters. Fathers bethought themselves of horsewhips. Staid critics, resorting to apologetic prose, apostrophized the author as the "libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs." But a youthful public in London lapped up copies of *Poems and Ballads* when it came out in 1866, and Poet Algernon Charles Swinburne became famous and infamous almost overnight.

Certifiably Sinful. A versifying virtuoso, Swinburne molded English into exotic patterns, borrowing widely from the classic Greek to the French symbolists. The results, which ranged from strum-strumming stanzas to languorous rhythms, hinted at unimaginable pagan debaucheries, hymned the fashionable cause of freedom against tyranny. But constitutionally, though he sported a manlike shock of red hair, Swinburne was comically ill-equipped to live the Byronic life he longed for. Tadpole tall and squeaky-voiced, he was forever getting drunk on the dessert wine, and more often than not had to be carried home from dinner parties.

His only certifiably sinful relationship—with Music Hall Actress Adah Isaacs Menken—ended after six weeks. "I can't make Algernon understand," she ruefully explained, "that biting's no use." Eventually, he retired to the country for his health under the care of a proper Victorian solicitor-scholar named Theodore Watts-Dunton. And the world, learning that his poetic passions had been mainly pastiche, soon decided his passionate poetry was merely overblown.

Lèse-Majesté. Today's trend toward wholesale restoration of time-tarnished Victorian literary reputations may not wholly reverse this judgment of Swinburne the poet. But antiquarians in England are now beginning to rediscover Swinburne as a writer of prose. In the U.S., Critic Edmund Wilson became fascinated with the new researches and the incidental light they threw on Swinburne's strange personality. In this volume Wilson presents two Swinburne novels, along with a gargantuan preface that includes an advance tour of other finds—letters, quips and critical writings—soon to come.

Swinburne in prose often displays what he most lacked in poetry—restraint and



AZUELA



REVOLUTION (ACCORDING TO OROZCO)
Begin as hero, end as savage.

compactly written vignettes of peasant life during the Revolution. A band of illiterate Indians gathers to fight the government, but it hardly knows why. As the Revolution progresses, the peasants become only more bewildered; the Revolution seems an outrageous force beyond their control. Their idealism gives way to cynicism, their heroism to savagery. "The Revolution is like a hurricane," says one character. "If you're in it, you're not a man . . . You're a leaf, a dead leaf blown by the wind."

Killing for Enchiladas. The characters who claim to have noble motives for rebelling are shot down with literary marksmanship by Azuela. An intellectual journalist "from the city" joins the peasants and awes them with his ideology: "We are the tools Destiny makes use of to reclaim the sacred rights of the people." But the intellectual soon sells out the "people" for power. He starts pimping for his rebel boss, even sacrificing the girl who loves him. Another character supplies a typical romantic reaction to revolution.

I got no enchiladas but I felt satisfied anyhow!" Another tops that: "I killed a man because I always saw him sitting at the table whenever I went to eat. I hated the looks of him so I just killed him. What the hell could I do!"

Mellowing Peace. Azuela wrote *The Underdogs* in 1915 after serving in the Revolution as a doctor. Unlike another chronicler of Revolution, André Malraux (*Man's Hope, Man's Fate*) who found that revolution brought out the best in some men, Azuela felt that it brought out the worst in most. He made the Revolution so remarkably vivid that he encouraged a host of imitators and set a literary style for realism in Mexico. But no writer ever quite recaptured the freshness and power of *The Underdogs*, not even Azuela himself in the eleven other novels he wrote before his death in 1952. Living into an era of peace in Mexico, Azuela mellowed with the times. In one of his last novels, a character reflects: "The green grass will grow over the mistakes we have made."



What happens to the fuzz?

There is a piece of apparatus somewhat inelegantly known as a "milk-fuzz sucker" that removes the foam from milk as it nears the top of the carton when being filled. This may seem like fairly small potatoes in any catalog of the triumphs of American technology — but it is a very important device to the dairy (and to the consumer, as well). For it permits the carton to be filled to capacity, insuring a perfect seal and staving off depredations of bacteria as well as complaints of short measure.

Today much of the milk that goes to

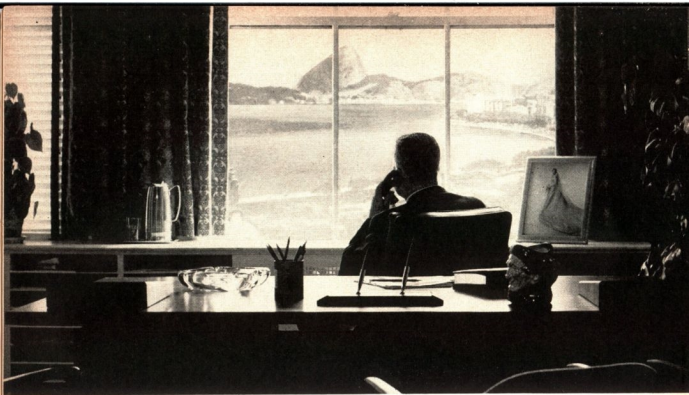
market in cartons has had its fuzz slurped off by one of these machines. The motor that powers this milk defuzzer was developed by Lamb Electric, a division of AMETEK, Inc. Lamb has long been a leader in the manufacture of a great variety of special application fractional horsepower electric motors.

AMETEK's role in advancing American technology is not simply one of consultation and design. The company is also, through its 13 divisions, a volume manufacturer of most of the components and products it designs or in-

vents. If your own manufacturing operations could use a little expert de-fuzzing, may we suggest that you call in AMETEK?



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“If you can’t get it from the United States— get it from somewhere else.”

From Cape Town to Caracas, from London to Tokyo, from Bombay to Buenos Aires, buyers of American goods are on the telephone today.

The reason: 60,000 longshoremen walked off the job on December 23. The effects of this strike were immediately felt in coastal cities from Maine to Texas. Now the crippling effects of this strike have spread much further. Read what this strike is doing to American manufacturers, their employees, and the economy of the entire nation.

WHEN the longshoremen walked off the job on December 23, 1962, they set off a tragic chain of events.

Thousands of people in related industries were immediately affected. People who had no personal stake in the strike suddenly found their livelihood cut down or cut off.

First, the crews of the ships were laid off for the duration of the strike. Then, thousands of truck drivers. Then, thousands of railroad employees. Then, the people who supply the ships. Then, the people who work in freight forwarder's offices.

If the strike had spread no further than this, it still would have been tragic. But it spread much further. It has now reached the point where it threatens the jobs of millions of people far from the docks.

American manufacturers of all types of goods are unable to make deliveries to their foreign customers. They are losing this business to manufacturers in other countries. And they are being forced to cut back production and lay off employees.

Here's an example of what's happening: An American manufacturer in Dubuque, Iowa has an order to ship machinery to India. The order is strikebound.

The buyer in India cancels his order and gets the machinery from Germany or Japan.

This is happening right now all over the United States. Virtually everything that is manufactured in this country can be purchased from somewhere else. And foreign buyers aren't wasting any time doing it.



Dairy products ordinarily purchased from Wisconsin can be bought from Denmark

And this is only half the problem. The strike is crippling every industry that relies on imports. These companies are also cutting back production and laying off employees for the duration of the strike. Here's what has already happened:

Carpet mills in the southeast are curtailing production because of a shortage of jute. One company has already laid off 20 per cent of its employees. One man in five.

Textile mills in the northeast are shutting down due to a shortage of imported fiber. One company laid off all its hourly employees last week. Every last man.

And so it goes. In virtually every state and every section of this country, people are beginning to feel the pinch of this strike.



Typewriters ordinarily purchased from Kentucky can be bought from Italy

On December 23, President Kennedy, in a personal appeal and proposal to prevent the strike, asked that negotiations be continued "in the national interest."

The New York Shipping Association accepted. The union defied the President and went on strike.

Since then, Mr. Willard Wirtz, the Secretary of Labor, Mr. James J. Reynolds, Assistant Secretary of Labor, and the Federal Mediators have used all their powers of reason in an effort to negotiate a settlement. They have been unable to move the ILA leadership from their present impossible demands.

The adamant position taken by this small group has made a shambles of collective bargaining. It has made mockery of the principles upon which trade unions were founded. The attitude of the leaders of the ILA is "take it or leave it."



Machinery ordinarily purchased from Chicago can be bought from West Germany

This "take it or leave it" position is costing this nation more than \$25,000,000 a day in lost wages and lost business. Multiply that by the number of days since December 23.

The reason we can't "take it" is very simple. The cost of shipping merchandise out of American ports is already dangerously high. If the longshoremen's current demands were met, these costs would put many American manufacturers behind the proverbial eight ball. They simply couldn't continue to compete in world markets.

Here are two questions. They are basic.

1. How long can this country afford to have its major ports closed?
2. How many of the foreign customers who have been forced to go elsewhere will we be able to win back?

How much do longshoremen make?

The present minimum longshore wage rate is \$3.02 per hour. Plus an additional 67 cents per hour for fringe benefits. Plus an additional \$1.51 per hour for every hour worked outside the regular 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. working hours.

WHAT'S BROOKLYN REALLY LIKE?

(OR HUDSON COUNTY, NEW JERSEY, FOR THAT MATTER)

On January 13 WCBS launched the first in a series of county-by-county spotlight studies. For four weeks, WCBS is concentrating on the people, problems and personalities of America's most talked-about borough. After a month in Brooklyn, WCBS Radio will explore Hudson County, New Jersey. Here is the greatest story in WCBS Radio's 18 county area—the pulse-beat of a people... a study of how we live together, work together... and what we think about and feel.

"Let's Find Out" Borough President Abe Stark talks about Brooklyn.	<i>January 31 1:15 P.M.</i>	Little Oslo A look at the manners and mores of Norwegian settlers in Brooklyn. Ed Joyce show.
Waterfront Development Austin Tobin, guest. Seven years ago Port Authority took over modernization of the maze of inefficient Brooklyn piers—a progress report. Ed Joyce show.	<i>February 1 3:15 P.M.</i>	One Who Waits And Worries Ted Steele interviews Mrs. Frank Cona, wife of a Brooklyn commercial fisherman.
Vincent Riccio Story A former Youth Board worker labored to help a gang in Brooklyn called the Gowanus Boys. Ed Joyce show.	<i>February 4 4:15 P.M.</i>	James Donovan Story A Brooklyn boy wins international acclaim in negotiations with Castro. Bob Maxwell show.
Brooklyn's Mounted Police Bob Maxwell show.	<i>February 5 1:15 P.M.</i>	Erasmus Hall High School A sound biography of one of the best-known high schools in all America and its famous graduates. Ed Joyce show.
Air Rights Over LIRR Ed Joyce, "Speak Up."	<i>February 6 4:15 P.M.</i>	More Trees And Beauty For Brooklyn Newbold Morris plans improvement plans, with a special look at the Belt Parkway. Bob Maxwell show.
Jet Noise Over Brooklyn Actual pickup of jet noise problem. Talks with residents of jet-noise area.	<i>February 7 1:15 P.M.</i>	Brooklyn—The Butt of Jokes "Why did they laugh when I said I was from Brooklyn...?" Ed Joyce show.
<i>January 28 2:15 P.M.</i> The Verrazano Bridge Henry Barnes talks to listeners on "Speak Up" about the Narrows Bridge.	<i>February 8 4:15 P.M.</i>	The Children's Museum The inside story of a showplace for youngsters. Bob Maxwell show.
<i>January 22 1:15 P.M.</i> The Small Weekly Study of the many local, regional papers in Brooklyn's life. Ed Joyce show.	<i>February 11 1:15 P.M.</i>	Story of Famous Brooklyn Show People Movie and stage stars, Brooklyn-born and raised. Ed Joyce show.
<i>January 23 4:15 P.M.</i> Brooklyn Academy of Music Historic-music tour. Bob Maxwell show.	<i>February 12 3:15 P.M.</i>	The St. George Hotel Until recently the largest hotel in New York... one of the oldest and best-known. Ted Steele talks to its famous manager, Norman Free, sometimes known as "Mr. Brooklyn."
<i>January 24 1:15 P.M.</i> Brooklyn Manufacturing Ed Joyce talks to Howard Swain, Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.	<i>February 13 4:15 P.M.</i>	The Brooklyn Bridge The story of Roebling, the inventor, and a history of one of Brooklyn's best beloved landmarks. Bob Maxwell show.
<i>January 25 3:15 P.M.</i> Brooklyn Society Ted Steele and Ruth Davis, Brooklyn society editor of the World-Telegram, look at the tough, hard core of Brooklyn's elite.	<i>February 14 1:15 P.M.</i>	Brooklyn's Private Boat Yards Government ship-building in privately owned yards vs. government-owned Navy Yard—an important factor in Brooklyn's economy. Ed Joyce show.
<i>January 28 3:15 P.M.</i> Gage & Tollner's Restaurant Still at the same old stand on Fulton Street. Bob Maxwell show.	<i>February 15</i>	Brooklyn Community College New 2-year college. Ed Joyce and Dr. Murray Block, acting president; Bob Maxwell—athletic program under difficulties; Ted Steele quizzes Janet Leffer, director of hotel school—tells how to party cook.
<i>January 29 1:15 P.M.</i> Christy Street Extension of Subway A progress report on the spot. Ed Joyce show.		
<i>January 30 4:15 P.M.</i> Kings County Hospital A look into the mental ward. What changes of the many promised have actually been made? Is the overcrowding still bad? Bob Maxwell show.		

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humor. His method was deadpan parody. According to Wilson's preface, his targets included Victorian bluenoses, stuffy fellow poets, and French romantic novelists. In one such parody of an imagined French historical novelist's handling of Victorian England, the Bishop of London gallantly seduces the heroine in a London cab. In another, Queen Victoria confesses a humiliating affair with a commoner. "It wasn't a prince," she sobs, "not even Sir R. Peel. It was one . . . called Wordsworth who recited to me verses from his *Excursion* of a sensuality so torrid that they shook me—and I fell."

Husk & Fangs. The two novels on display, *Love's Cross Currents* and *Lesbia Brandon*, both deal with the frustrated yearning of a young man for a close relative—a girl cousin in one case, a sister in the other. Swinburne, who alone of all Victorian writers belonged to the top



CULVER PICTURES

SWINBURNE
Biting was no use.

aristocracy, has no trouble handling those extra comic confusions that come naturally in a society where everybody seems to be related to everybody else. When he is being funny—for example, minutely recording the malicious troublemaking of an old gorgon ("all husk and fangs") named Lady Midhurst—Swinburne is a pretty funny fellow.

Both stories are shadowed by raw autobiographical overtones, which Editor Wilson, as a licensed Freudian critic, delights in. Swinburne, clearly, is the original of the repulsed lover in each book. The girl is his real-life cousin Mary Gordon, whose rejection of the poet was one of the turning points of Swinburne's stunted emotional life. More horrifying is the explanation (in *Lesbia Brandon*) of the poet's lifelong fondness for being whipped. With subtle, sensual elegance, Swinburne records the slow, tragic perversion of a boy whose admiration for his severe tutor and love for his sister can be most suitably and directly expressed by learning to bear a whipping without crying out.

The book is fragmentary, largely be-

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January 9, 1963.

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moving up?

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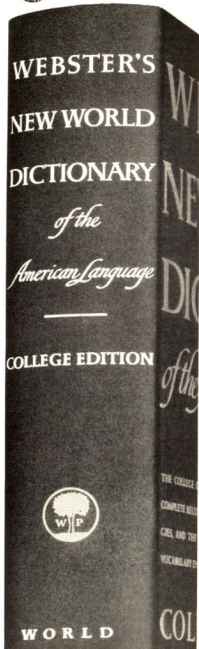
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cause Friend and Guardian Watts-Dunton stole the most purple chapters from Swinburne and would not give them back. Wilson laments the loss, through Victorian prudery, of a potential English prose master who might have done great things if encouraged. Bits of *Lesbia Brandon* justify his claim.

H Was for Halifax Then

THE TOWN THAT DIED (192 pp.)—Michael J. Bird—Putnam (\$3.95).

A mushroom-shaped cloud with a massive fireball rose 12,000 ft. in the air. In the city beneath, buildings of all sizes and materials were flattened to a charred plain. It was impossible to tell where streets had been. People vanished without a trace. Others became black fleshless bones protruding from ruins. This happened not in 1945 but in 1917—in Halifax, N.S. It was the largest man-made explosion before Hiroshima.

The French freighter *Mont Blanc*, en route from New York to Bordeaux, entered the Halifax roadstead on the morning of Dec. 6. The *Mont Blanc* was only a 3,000-tonner, but its cargo was something more than mere ammunition. Every usable square foot of cargo space was crammed with raw explosives—200 tons of TNT and 2,300 tons of lyddite, which is more powerful than TNT. On deck, reeking like an Exso station, were 35 tons of benzene in drums stacked three high.

Sizzling Waves. A Norwegian freighter, the *Two*, was coming the other way through the Halifax Narrows that morning. The two ships went into a clumsy dance like people trying to pass on a sidewalk. When they ultimately collided, the Norwegian ship gashed the bows of the *Mont Blanc* and broke open some of the benzene drums. The fluid ran out over the deck and poured down into the hold. The Norwegian ship disengaged, and, as steel scraped steel, sparks ignited the benzene.

The *Mont Blanc* blazed fire for a full 25 minutes before the explosion. The French crew abandoned ship. The *Mont Blanc* drifted across the harbor, nuzzled against a pier and set fire to it. People with minutes to live watched from harborside and rooftops. The crew of a tug mounted the *Mont Blanc*'s decks to secure a hawser. The ship was so hot that the waters lapping it sizzled. Then it exploded.

Tragic Anecdotes. The explosion shot a half-ton piece of the *Mont Blanc*'s anchor two miles through the air. It pulled a sailor off the deck of a nearby merchantman, and tossed him up to the top of a hill half a mile away. Somehow he lived. It tore rocks up from the bottom of the harbor and sent them raining from on high. It sucked up so much water that divers working 22 ft. down elsewhere in the harbor suddenly found themselves standing chest-deep and wallowing for their lives before the onrush of a tidal wave that was felt for miles out to sea.

During the fire and confusion of the aftermath, the horror was so intense that countless tragedies became mere anecdotes. Some were unspeakable: "Both his



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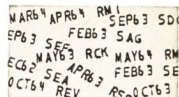
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(SEE BACK COVER)

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eye sockets were empty and from one of them there dangled an eyeball that tapped against his cheek when he moved." A doctor, unable to stand the carnage, hanged himself. A living man, lying paralyzed and glassy-eyed under a sheet in a temporary morgue, stared helplessly up into strange faces that peered, paused and said, "No, that's not him." More than 3,000 people died and about 10,000 more were injured, many blinded, disfigured and maimed.

Author Michael Bird's research, according to Haligonians who survived the disaster, is accurate and well compiled. Among the various articles and reminiscences that have been written about the great Halifax explosion, this is probably the best.

The Rotten Middle Class

BEYOND THE CHAINS OF ILLUSION (182 pp.)—Erich Fromm—Trident Press (\$3.95).

Erich Fromm is a world-famous psychoanalyst whose interests of late have had little to do with psychoanalysis. On lecture podiums and on television, in books and magazines, he has called for an overhaul of U.S. society because, he argues, it is maiming the individual and steering the world toward war and chaos. Partly on the basis of Fromm's reputation as a psychoanalyst, many people are taking him seriously as an expert on history, morals, politics and military strategy.

Just how shaky these credentials are can be seen from Fromm's latest book, an account of his own intellectual development and a paean of praise to Karl Marx at the expense of Sigmund Freud. In comparing the two thinkers, Fromm praises both for breaking new ground and taking a "dynamic" approach to human behavior. But while Freud uncovered the "individual unconscious," Marx revealed the "social unconscious," the forces at work changing society. Fromm came to a heretical conclusion for a psychoanalyst: "Marx is a figure of world historical significance with whom Freud cannot even be compared."

Messianic Tastes. Fromm has always found Freud too pessimistic for his taste. In fact, he has broken radically with Freud, though he is still epistemologically known as a "Freudian revisionist." Freud saw man as the prisoner of his primitive drives; Fromm thinks he can be infinitely shaped by society. Freud thought every life was blighted by the childhood Oedipus complex; Fromm sees nothing worse in childhood than a healthy rebellion against parental authority. Fromm finds Marx much more congenial than Freud because he promises so much more, once the socialist millennium has arrived: a free and unfettered individual, brimful of love and "productivity." Writes Fromm: "Marx had an unbroken faith in man's perfectibility rooted in the Messianic tradition of the West from the prophets through Christianity, and Enlightenment thinking."

Any reasonably perceptive reader might have suspected from Fromm's earlier writings that he was spellbound by Marx. Fromm has a secure place in American

middle-class society; he teaches at New York University and is required reading at innumerable colleges. But Marx apparently has taught him to believe that middle-class life is rotten to the core. "Could it be," he asks in his book, *The Sane Society*, "that the middle-class life of prosperity, while satisfying our material needs, leaves us with a feeling of intense boredom . . . that modern civilization fails to satisfy profound needs in man?"

Capitalist society, Fromm charges, has turned men into robots who have surrendered their freedom to machines. They suffer, he writes, from a "receptive orientation in which the aim is to receive, to 'drink in,' to have something new all the time, to live with a continuously open mouth, as it were." They can be saved

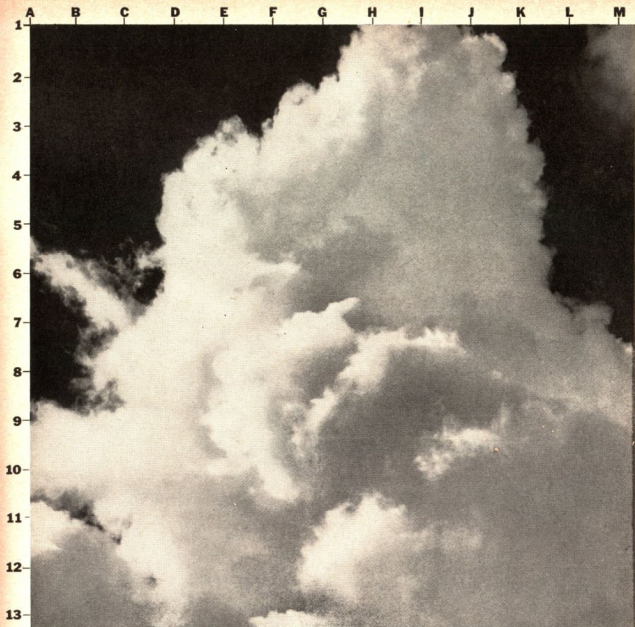


ERICH FROMM
A profound need unsatisfied.

only by the sane, socialist society which Fromm describes vaguely, if vibrantly.

Protestant Powerlessness. In *Escape from Freedom* (1941), his best-known book, Fromm traces the origin of this pathetic middle-class creature to Martin Luther. Putting Luther on the couch, Fromm concludes that Luther plunged modern man into despair. In a neat, if oversimplified analysis, Fromm argues that this Protestant feeling of "powerlessness" paved the way for the acceptance of Hitler. In *May Man Prevail?*, Fromm continues his war against the middle class with considerably less plausibility. He blames the cold war on the paranoid attitude of the American middle class (though reserving a few knocks for Russia too), and then in a concluding chapter—written little more than a year before the Cuban missile crisis—assures his readers that Khrushchev wants to end the cold war so badly he would never think of trying to use Cuba as a military base against the U.S.

Perhaps Fromm should never have deserted Freud—or the couch.



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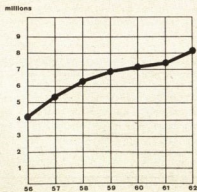
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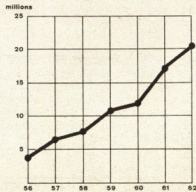




In 1962 more people bought TV GUIDE to read about television than bought any other magazine to read about anything else. ■ Circulation averaged 8,100,000 (up 600,000 over 1961). Full-price single copy sales averaged 5,000,000 per issue—more than Life, Look and Post combined. ■ The week-in, week-out appeal of TV GUIDE is centered around features like *Television '62*—a series of personal observations on the state of the medium by Pat Weaver, Newton Minow, Alistair Cooke, Martin Mayer, Gilbert Seldes, Margaret Mead, John F. White, Jack Harris, Lawrence Litchfield Jr., and Leo Rosten. ■ And articles on the complex world of personalities and programs by such veteran reporters as Richard Gehman, Gilbert Millstein, Samuel Grafton, Bill Davidson, Edith Efron and Nat Hentoff. ■ In short, an editorial range that covers everything television. From the first annual TV Set Buyers' Guide, to fashion spreads by women's editor Alma Moore, to the 73rd annual American Football Coaches' All-America team. ■ Result: Advertising revenue rose to over \$20 million (up 17%), ranking TV GUIDE 13th among magazines—up from 35th position in six years. ■ What's ahead for '63? More of the same—only more so!



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